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PRINCETON, N. J.

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Number

To the Reader.

R eader, a Mistress I present thee here,
Whose Company is grateful every where ;
In Country, City, Court and Camp, She can
Great services perform for any man :
Both Poor and Rich, her presence do admire,
And her acquaintance earnestly desire ;
Labourers and Husband-men, with Farmers, too
Trades-men, and Schollars all her friendship woo ;
Physitians, Lawyars, both Civil and Common,
Learned Divines too, she's despis'd by no Man ;
The Chaplain, Curat, Vicar and the Dean,
Prebends, and Bishops wish to entertain
This lovely Miss: the Nuns with Monks & Friars
Lord Abbots, Lady Abbasses, Lord Priors,
The Yeoman, Gentle-man, Esquire, and Knight,
Barronet, Barron, and Viscont delight
To have her Company, where 'ere they are,
Earls, Marquesses and Dukes, desire a share
In her, Princes, Kings, Emperors and Pope,
Her to receive, their Armes do all set ope ;

To the Reader.

Though Courted thus, yet she keeps honest still,
No Man can prostitute her at his will,
She makes her longest stay, and takes her rest,
With those that hug her close, and love her best:
And though she lodge with you in the same place,
All th' favour you can have, s'to Kiss her Face,
Though she'l consent you freely may her use,
Yet have a care, you do not her abuse;
He that presumes to Wash her, or to Round
Or Clip, File, or Impair her weight, or's found
To Counterfeit her Honour, or Imbace,
Her worth, hazards his Life for such disgrace:
Reader, if thou enquires after this Miss,
The Name of her, Madam Pecunia is;
The Charms and power she has in every thing,
And how effectually about to bring
Her purposes, where she doth interceed,
Hereafter thou, may'st fully see, and Read,
If thou wilt take the paines, but to 'ore look
And thoroughly peruse, this little Book.

RICHARD^o HURSTLEN hild
To

To his honoured Uncle, on his
Poem, call'd Money Masters all things.

Some specious titles fix unto their Books
And tantalize the Reader, when he looks
And doth peruse the Book, with longing mind,
Expecting still, th' Hypothesis to find
Of Ethicks, Physicks, Politicks or Laws,
Or such like various matters, things and cause,
As by the Title pages are set forth;
But in th' perusal finding nothing worth,
That answereth his time, or paines and cost,
His time. and paines, and charges are all lost;
But you Sir, to the Title you have fixt,
Do all along so close keep to your Text,
That he who reads your Book from end to end,
Surely each Page thereof must needs commend
For in each Leaf you have so plainly shown,
Th' Obsequiousness Men unto Money own,
That all with you, must needs confess and say,
'Tis Money, Money, Money, beares the sway.

Ran: Jones.

On the following Poem.

WHO in this Book by chance an Eye do's cast
Will tempted be to look upon the rest ;
For here are Wit and truth together joyn'd,
So neatly intermixt they please the mind,
And rouse attention, whilst they plainly show,
How Money governs all things here below :
At every turn truth comes so patly in,
That view the World and there you see the thing,
Nor is there more of Moneys pow'r exprest
Then what some one or other will attest,
And from Experience Write Probatum est.

[Decorative flourish]

L. Meriton

[Decorative flourish]

[Decorative flourish]

To the Author, on his Poem call'd
Money Masters all things.

SR. Let me tell you, what your Penn has done;
You have Accomplisht, what was oft begun,
Or hinted at by others; You have told
At large the All-commanding Pow'r of Gold;
Some have attempted in a faint Essay;
Others have dropt remarks thereon; But they, }
Content with that ne'er made a full survey; }
But you at Last, —————
Have largely shewn the wide and Sovereign Power
Of Money, and how all things bow unto her.
Perhaps some curious Critick, will alledge
You have not hit the humor of this Age,
Your verse is plain, were it polite and gay,
'Twould better please the nice; To this I say
The gawdy Ornaments of Poetrie
Wou'd not with such a Knotty Theme agree;
What's Natural and free becomes it best,
'Twere awkward were it Polished and drest;
It's better far some matters to Relate,
In lowly stile, and not in Verse of State,
Were you to write of Emperors or Kings,
Of conquer'd Towns, or great Heroick things,
Then Pegasus shou'd Mount, & spread his towring wings, }

To the Author on his Poem,

But here you shew the World as in a Glass
That flatters not, for Face do's answer Face;
Poetick Varnish had not beautifyd
Your work, but dawbd it, had it been apply'd.
You're chose a better way to let us see
The wonders of our Primum Mobile,
How't puts the Mass of all mankind in Motion,
To follow't with Laborious Devotion;
Wou'd any man consider't? Let him come
To this your universal Speculum.

Richard R. has
book

T. Harrison.

Consideration

M O N E Y

Masters all things.

*The scope and summe of what this Book doth say
Is, Pecuniæ obediunt omnia.*

1. *On the Longevity of Moneys Regency.*

THOUGH Madam Money, look both briske and gay
Lovely and fresh as Blooming Flowers in *May*;
Yet she for several Centuries of years
Has Reign'd, as it by Sacred Writ appears.

For *Ephron Zohars Son*, for Moneys sake
Assurance unto *Abraham* did make,
Of *Machpelah*, and th' Cave within that space,
That he might have it for a Burying place:
Abraham possession took thereof and made
Room in the Cave, and *Sarah* therein laid;
Three thousand and five hundred years are past,
Since this, and more, yet money walks as fast,
And vigorously, as if but in her prime,
And never had been known before our time:
Yet she in former times hath born great sway,
Judas for her, his Master did betray:
Since which near seventeen hundred years are spun,
And yet she strenuously about doth run:

Money Masters.

For Madam *Pecunia* will ne'er be Old,
So long as Sun and Moon their course do hold,
As she in former Ages did Enchant
And men lead as she pleas'd, she still does vaunt,
That she's grand Mistress yet of the same Art,
And doth not cease we see to Act her part,
Her Company to gain, men wait and Tend,
And her they'l seek and Court, to the Worlds end.

2. *On the Restraint and prohibition of Money's free passage.*

WHEN Royall power, or states, do put Restraint
On Money's passage, folks make great complaint
City nor Country know not how to Live,
If they to Money freedom do not give:
When she's prohibited by the Command
Of supreme power, to pass from Hand to Hand,
Both Rich and Poor, do sadly then complaine,
For without her, all Comfortless remaine:
The Gripeing Usurer must now forbear,
Cause Money is compell'd to disappear,
No debts can now be got, tho long time due,
Till she peeps out again, 'tis vain to sue,
Land-Lords must want their Rents, at their Rent day,
Money's proscrib'd so Tennants can not pay:
Tradesmen are heartless, live 'twixt hope and fear,
With carefull thoughts, now Money'l not appear,
Yeomen

Yeomen and Husbandmen do stay at home
 With longing minds, to hear when Money'l come,
 Poor Labourers are ready now to weep,
 They know not how their Families to keep;
 If Moneys company they can not have,
 They're then quite out of hopes their Lives to Save :
 'Tis she Revives the Gentleman and Clown,
 Where she comes not, all hearts are there cast down ;
 When she's at Liberty all Men are glad,
 But when Restrain'd, they then are almost mad ;
 For her Restraint does all Mens minds perplex,
 She's Salus Populi, Suprema Lex,
 For when Men fret, and fume, are full of Gall,
 If Money Interceeds, she quiets all.

3. *On the power, of Money in general.*

Money the Goddess, is which all Adore,
 She charms the Vniverse with her bright Ore,
 All ages, sexes, and Opinions be.
 Greatly in Love with this same deitie,
 Her Votaries, she hath in every state,
 And princes court, and other potentate,
 In all caballs, and Meetings ne'er so close,
 She by her Charmes, their Secrets can disclose,
 Cunning hatcht plots thought to be surely laid,
 Have been by her discover'd, and Betray'd ;
 And she by her Infatuating power,
 Hath shew'd the company, the place and hour ;

4 All Things.

The greatest Secrets and most private things,
Acted by Popes, or Emperors, or Kings,
For love of Money have been plainly shown,
Which otherwise would never have been known :
In Country, Camp, and Court, she beares the Sway,
And is so prevalent, she's ne'er said Nay :
Her power can raise to Honour, or throw down
A Noble-Man, and raise a silly Clown ;
If you desire to have your Princes ear,
Make use of her, and then you need not fear,
For she into the presence-Chamber brings
Some, that without her, ne'er should speak to Kings :
And makes the way to bring some into Grace,
Who neither merit Honour, nor a place,
Favour she can procure at any time,
And make a dunce unto preferment Climbe,
When parts and worth Neglected are and sit
Discouraged, and no Employment get :
Where she does not appear to Interceed,
There is small hopes your business will Succeed :
'Tis Money that procures a Man respect,
And want thereof, is Slighted with Neglect,

4. *On the prevalencie of Money, at Elections for Members of Parliament.*

IF you desirous are, and have intent
To be a Member of the Parliament,

Where

Where choise of such is order'd to be made,
 Make Money there your friend, and that's the Trade,
 Befree but of your purse, Treat very high,
 So Neighbours to the place, you may put by,
 And Gentlemen of good Account you may
 Out Vote, and by that means obtain the day :
 Money will make the Burrough-Men all keen
 To give their Votes, though they have never seen
 Your face, till the Election came in hand,
 Yet now their tongues, and hearts you may command,
 Money does many silly Men prefer,
 To places of great Trust, when others far
 More worthy for their parts, are set aside,
 For Money in this Case, is the main guide ;
 And beares the Chiefest Rule in ev'ry place,
 Men to preferment brings, favour, and Grace :

5. *On Moneys Rule in the Vniversities
 and Inns of Court.*

IF you be at the Vniversity,
 And there a very dunce, or Rakehell be,
 Yet Batchelour, and Master too of Arts,
 For Money you'll be made, tho you want parts,
 And if you'd still advance to be more famous
 Doctor you may proceed, then by Mandamus,
 Without your keeping Acts or Exercise,
 So whether you are Learn'd, or otherwise

6 All Things.

Does not appear, Money does salve up all,
She can a fool unto preferment call;
She can a Bishop make and Consecrate,
And him Install, with Splendor and great state.
The meanest Lawyer likewise we may see
By Moneys help, oft call'd to the degree
Of Sergeant at Law, tho he've never Read;
And in's profession, is a dunder head:
Money has power, to raise him higher still,
For she a Judge can make him if she will.

6. On Divines.

Money the grave divine makes to dispence
With all the Checks of Tender Conscience;
Swallow down any Oath, and never stick.
Rather then lose a fair Rich Bishopprick,
Good Deanry, prebend, or fat personage,
They'l hazard all upon the publick Stage,
Of Censure, and Reproach, rather then fail,
If what they wish to get, they may prevail,
Such are the Charmes of Money, that they will
Prove all things Lawfull by their Cunning Skill,
To their Advancement tends and easie Lives,
And make their Children great, and Rich their Wives.

7. On Domesticke Chaplains.

IF you Domesticke Chaplain chance to be
Unto some persons of good Qualitie,

When

Money Masters.

7

When ere my Ladies Woman fears she'l prove,
With Kidd unto her Master, he doth move,
The honest Chaplain some Respect to show,
Adviseh him the *Abigall* to woo,
Tells him her Lady such great care doth take
For her, that she will her a fortune make ;
And I too for my spouse sake, will bestow,
First Living that falls in my Guist on you,
That you with Comfort long may live together,
Solaceing your selves, in one another,
The hopes of cash, and Living too, do charm,
The Chaplain so, that he in Love grows warm,
He Courts the prostitute, who does seem Nice,
His Amours not Admitting in a Trice,
Yet after some Addresses she is won,
And so the Chaplain gets a Butter'd Bun,
Upon th' Enjoyment, he perceives a Cheat
On him is put, the Cushion some have beat
Before he came, and made it fit for use,
He's grieved in his mind at this Abuse,
But then bethinks himself since 'tis his Lot,
He must be pleased, whether he will or not,
And so his hopes do solely rest in this,
That now she's wed, she'l do no more Amis,
And thus the Idol Money hath such power,
A man for Love of her, will wed a Whore,
He that wedds such, in hopes she'l honest prove,
May afterwards Repent his fond hot Love.

On

8. *On Non-Conformists.*

SOME-Non Conforms, we oft see Tempted are
 To wear a Surplice, keep set forms of prayer,
 Kneel at the Sacrament, great Reverence show
 To'th Altar, at the name of Jesus Bowe,
 And at the other Rites no scruple make,
 And all this for a good Rich Living's sake,
 Which store of Money doth them yearly bring,
 For Love of which, they'd yield the Mass to sing:
 This Goddess Reforms, and Transforms a Man,
 Prevails with some, more then the Gospell can.

9. *On the Quakers.*

THO some that seem hot *Quakers* will not Swear,
 Yet when things of Advantage do appear,
 By which great Proffit they may get, O then
 They'l Lye, dissemble, Cheat, like other Men,
 The Light within them, by the Spirit fed,
 For Love of Money is Extinguished,
 And the Old Man within 'em now bears sway,
 And so we're not to trust their Yea and Nay,
 Altho it be the *Quakers* Zealous Fashion,
 It is meer Cant, and great Dissimulation.

10. *On persons in high Employments.*

MONEY is sure a Witch, and doth delude
 Men in great place, aswell as th' Multitude,

If she her glittering Spells before men cast,
 They're Captivated, then and held so fast,
 Neither then, Wisdom, honour, honesty,
 Nor place of greatest trust, nor Gravity
 Can them Secure from this unhappy Fate,
 Witness some famous Men, but now of late,
 Such is the force of Money at all times
 That she can Aggravate or lessen Crimes,
 The Guiltless she can Guilty make we see,
 And can prevaile to set the Guilty free.

II. On Judges.

Money she can a Judges Eyes so Blind,
 That he the Truth can neither see nor find ;
 But is mislead into some Error great,
 Mistakes the Cause ; I dare not say a Cheat :
 But he's so strangely lead into mistake,
 That he the greatest wrong for Right doth make :
 Misrepresents the Evidence i'th' Cause,
 So th' Jury give, a Verdict, 'gainst the Laws.

12. On Justices of the Peace.

TOth' Justices of peace, men rarely bring
 Money for favour, but some other thing,
 As Turkeyes, Piggs, Geese, Capons, they present,
 To them, or to their Ladies with consent,
 Or else the Clarks, by the poor Men are feed,
 That th' Justice may, at Sessions interceed,

Money Masters.

And speak for th' Man, to get him a discharge,
Of his Recognizance, to go at large :
so tho' to Money th' Justice is not bent,
Yet he will something take equivalent.

13. *On Lawyers.*

BOS in Lingua, hath been a Proverb long,
For Money truly charmes the Lawyers Tongue,
She stupifies his Sense and makes him Dumb,
He nothing sayes in's Clients Cause but mum,
Book cases he forgets, and of his sense
He's now depriv'd, has lost his Eloquence,
And Gingling harangues which the Lawyers use
The Cause to puzzle, and court to Amuse ;
His wrangling Logick too, he us'd to have,
And urge in Court, his Clients Cause to save,
Is all now quite forgot, he cannot give
One single Reason now, th' Cause to retrieve.

14. *On Attorneys.*

MONEY Attorneys, and Sollicitors too, Charms,
To throw their Clients cause into her Armes ;
Then th' business they neglect, and take no care,
Council to see or Witness to prepare,
Th' Client a Bailiff Fees, to Cry about,
Runs here and there, to find's Attorney out,
Who purposely Absconds, keeps out of sight,
And ne'er intends to do his Client Right ;

The Client, when too late, does understand
 His honest Cause was lost, 'cause not well Man'd;
 He blames th' Attorney, who for his Excuse,
 Begins his honest Client to abuse,
 Tels him, when as the Cause in Court was nam'd,
 'T appear in such a Cause he was Asham'd,
 And says if he the truth had understood
 At first, of's Clients Cause not being good,
 He'd not have meddl'd in't, So with a Scoff,
 And a meer sham he puts his Client off,
 Thus Money can Non-Suit, defaults can call,
 Judgments Arrest, Money is all in all,
 She can demur, o'erthrow or save a Cause,
 On either side, with or against the Laws.

15. *On the Spiritual-Court Men.*

IF in the Spiritual-Court you chance to be
 Presented there, by some for Bastardy,
 Clandestine Marriage, or such like offence,
 The Court for store of Money will dispence
 With any Crime, And for your Moneys sake;
 You shall discharged be, no Penance make;
 But if this Idol's wanting, and you're poor,
 You then are Sentenc'd by the Chancellour
 Some Corporal penance publickly to make;
 That others may by you Example take,
 But in the other Case the Chancellour,
 The Advocates, Proctors, and Register,

When each of them have got a good round Fee,
 Then they contrive a way to set you free,
 If you Whoremonger be, or Whore, or Gilt,
 Money prevailes to set you free from Guilt.

16. *On the Influence of Money in all Courts.*

IN every Court, Experience shews each day,
 That Money, there doth bear great Rule and Sway.
 In Chancery, or th' Kings-Bench, if she appear,
 Or th' Court of Common-pleas, they her Revere,
 Or inth' Exchequer, or at the Assize,
 Or Sessions of the peace, she does Surprize;
 For she in every Office Regent sits,
 And there at all times hath her luckie hits,
 All Officers to her Obeysance owe,
 And do, when she appears, great Reverence show.

17. *On Clerks of the Crown, and of the Peace.*

CLerks of the Crown and peace, to bring about
 Their Covetous designs, oft Issue out
 Illegal procefs, Money by't to get,
 And tho the people at such practice fret,
 And Judge or Justices, hear of the same,
 They'l find Excuses, to Evade the blame,
 So its in vain to Clamour at the Wrong,
 You may as well sit still, and hold your Tongue.
 When Bailiffs come you must pay what they ask,
 Or they'l distrain, tho its an heavy Task,

Money to pay, where none is due of right,
 But this we see, is oft o'erway'd with might,
 Money and Friendship, does o'er master all,
 Better fit still, than rise and get a fall.

18. *On the Under-Sherriff, and associate
 to the Clark of Assize.*

FOR Money, the Subvic, keeps you at home,
 So that you need not to th' *Assizes* come
 And if you by Mistake, or in some Hurry,
 Happen to be Return'd on the grand-Jury,
 If Money does appear, before the Eyes,
 Of the Associate to the Clark of th' 'Size,
 He'l Skip your Second Call, no Bailiff Swears,
 So you're discharg'd from Service, and from fears,
 May take your time and go now where you please,
 For you're at Freedom, and may take your Ease.

19. *On the Sherriffs Seal-Keeper.*

THE Sherriffs Seal-Keeper, or Clark for Money,
 Will give you speedy Notice when there's any
 Mischiefe against you out, that you at home
 May save your self, and Goods, before they come
 To make a prey of you, and what you have.
 So when the Bailiffs come, then they will Rave
 And hunt about, and stamp and tear like Mad,
 When not so much as Fees, are to be had,

They being twice or thrice thus serv'd, you may
Compound, get easie payments to a day,
And by this means great Charges you may save,
Which Sheriff and the Bailiffs else would have.

20. *On Bailiffs.*

Altho a Bailiff's chiefest Friend you are,
Yet he for store of Coin, perhaps will dare
You to Arrest, or else he will betray
You to his Comrades, and shew how they may
Arrest you, tell the Time, and also where,
Which the poor harmless Man doth never fear,
'Cause his supposed Friend sits by demure,
So the poor Fellow thinks all is secure,
But at longrun, the Catchpoles hurry in,
And then the Judas rouzes, does begin
To fret and tume, and Quarrel every one,
When he himself in Truth's the cause alone;
And so behind Backs with a fleering Laughter,
The poor Man like a Sheep, is led to th' Slaughter;
By which we see a Rascal Bailiff will
His nearest and best Friend for Money sell.

21. *On Goalers.*

A Goaler will for Money kindness show,
Irons keep off, above and not below
You're Lodg'd, may Eat and Drink too, at his Table,
Have any thing you lack, if you are able

To pay for it, but if you're poor you're thrown
 In the Low Goal, no favour then is shown,
 Altho your Case be pitiful and sad,
 Yet there no Pitie, nor Regard is had,
 But Money Friendship gets, does never fail,
 Altho you're kept and Coopt up in a Goal.

22. *On Witnesses in a Suite at Law.*

Money, makes Things so evident and clear,
 To things before they're born, some men will swear
 Then others she makes that they can't Remember
 Whether in *April*'twas, or in *December*,
 Or in what Year, or how the thing did happen,
 He's now grown senseless, and has all forgotten,
 Money distracts, takes memory quite away,
 He knows not what was done but yesterday;
 Memory she strengthens much, or doth decay,
 Can make a Witness Swear just any way.

23. *On Sea Officers.*

THe Officers at Sea Money does Charm,
 The Enemies may Sail by, without harm,
 She Anchors them so fast, they can't get free,
 Or else the Fogs are thick they cannot see;
 Until the Fleet of th' Enemy's past by,
 And then the Officers do them discry,
 O then they follow and pursue amain,
 Discharge Broad-sides, but not a Man is Slain;

Or if there be, its some unlucky shot
 The Mischiefe doth, which they intended not.
 Stores being gone, then they make of from Sea,
 Get fresh Recruits Aboard, expect some pay,
 Then they to Sea again return to Cruise,
 And spend their Princes stores in the like use
 As they had done before, so all this while
 Their Prince of pay and stores they do beguile,
 Money where she attempts she doth prevail
 Duty and Loyalty to set to sale,
 And Shipwrack makes of a good Conscience,
 Makes breach of Trust and Oathes, seem no Offence,
 Such power this Facinating Goddess hath,
 She makes men cast of Fear, and shame, and Faith,
 A Conqueress we may her truly call,
 For Money does o'er Power, and Master all.

24. *On Privateers.*

THE Privateers do Cruise about the Main,
 Hazard their Lives and Ships, prizes to gain,
 And then the Masters must Compound and pay,
 Or else the Men and Ships, they Towe away,
 But if it be these Roving Robbers Fate,
 To fall i'th' Road of men of War, that wait
 These Privateers to Fight, and Seize upon,
 And they are taken, then they're quite undone,
 For th' men of War no Composition take,
 But these Men and their ships, free prizes make,

Yet they in hopes of Money take their Lot,
 And they themselves some times do go to th' pot
 Money's so prevalent, none can withstand,
 For her, Men venture, both by Sea and Land.

25. *On Land Officers, in the Field or Garrisons.*

IF Money to a General, does Appear,
 She charges all, breaks through front, flank and Rear,
 This Dalilah enticeth, till at Length
 She doth discover his whole Armies strength,
 Wherein it doth consist, and how it lies ;
 Then with her Lusture dazleth his Eyes :
 He's taken with a Slumber, Senseless made,
 And no Alarm takes, till all's Betray'd,
 His Army was so posted that none could
 Dream of Surprize, but oh the Power of Gold,
 And Silver Charmes, Money's bright shining Twins ;
 O Money, Money, when a War begins,
 Thou canst prolong it, or can make it cease ;
 Thy Umpirage determines War and Peace ;
 Tho th' Cause be ne'er so just, when War's begun,
 Yet without Money, it can not go on ;
 'Tis she procures both Armes, and Men to Fight ;
 She can defend the Wrong, o'erthrow the Right ;
 Can make the Cannons to shut o'er or short,
 To batter, beat down, or not hurt a Fort,
 Make Fuzees fire, or dye, and, Bombs fall down,
 And to destroy or not destroy a Town :

Besiegers and Commanders Gold Bewitches,
 Their Men cut of within their Mounds and ditches
 Or wittingly Betray'd i'th' dead of Night,
 And so Confusedly do make their flight,
 Leaving their Guns, and Baggage for a prey
 To the Besieged, when they run away.
 As Money can Raise a Siege, before a Town,
 So when before't an Army doth sit down,
 And specious Termes unto the Town doth Tender,
 She can entice them, Quickly to Surrender ;
 Altho the place be strong, and can hold out,
 Money can strangely bring the thing about,
 Where Vigorous Assaults can not prevail,
 Money can open th' Gates, and walls can Scale ;
 Besiegers and Besieged, her obey ;
 Its Money that does bear the Bell away ;
 The Towns of greatest strength Money has won,
 Which by the force of Armes could not be done ;
 Great Lewis knows't, this practice is his own,
 For this, not force, hath gain'd him many a Town.
 For Money, Officers false Musters make,
 And also for this Tempting Idols sake,
 Their Soldiers they will Cheat of Clothes and pay,
 Quarters o'th' Tick leave, when they march away,
 Money's so Tempting, when she comes to hand,
 Rather than part, they'l hazard a disband,
 She beares the Rule in great, aswell as small things.
 For she we see, at all times Masters all things.

26. *On Skippers, or Masters of ships.*

Money will make the Skipper Anchor weigh,
 And in the foulest weather put to Sea,
 And leave his Friends his Children and his Wife,
 Hazard his Men, his ship too, and his Life,
 So Charming is the glittering of this Ore,
 That none can him perswade to stay on shore,
 With or without a Wind to Sea he'l go,
 Maugre his Friends, whether they will or no,
 For Money is so much his hearts delight,
 That neither stormes, nor Tempests him affright;

27. *On Marchants.*

Merchants no Ventures at the Sea would make,
 Wer't not for hopes of gains and Moneys sake,
 For if they thought that Money would not come,
 Then they would keep their goods and ships at home,
 'Tis Money makes them fearless of their loss,
 Tho sometimes they come home by weeping Cross,
 Yet they're not satisfi'd, but hope to find,
 Fortune more favourable, and more kind,
 So they'l Adventure still, and not give o'er
 Their fresh pursuits, to gain this Gilded Ore,
 Till some of them Adventure all they have
 And so are brought, meer Bankrupts to their Grave,
 Whilest others do Arrive to great Estate,
 So Variable is all Humane Fate,

When

When Money's Courted, some times she will fly, to
 And of, herself, at other times draw nigh;
 Tho' she's a Witch as some have understood,
 And doth a man oft'times more harm than good, or be
 Yet so delightfull all her Charmings are,
 That poor and Rich in her desire a share;
 So that in all things whether great or small,
 We still do find that Money's all in all.

28. *On Sea Men and Land Soldiers.*

Give Sea Men Money and you may procure
 These men the greatest Hardships to endure,
 Despise all dangers Fight with might and main,
 Money does make them fearless to be slain;
 'Tis she makes Soldiers Fight, by Sea and Land,
 Pay them but well, and then you may Command
 And greater Numbers have in Readiness,
 Then you have need for; without Drum or Prefs,
 They would not hide themselves, run into holes,
 But briskly throng to you, in numerous shoals;
 The force of Money all things doth Command,
 Navies at Sea, and Armies too by Land.

29. *On the Custome Officers.*

Tho' Custome waiters both by Land and Water,
 How to get Money, is the only matter
 At which they aim; for where they get a Fee,
 Tho' they be Sworn, yet they can oversee,

And hazard both, their Conscience, and their place ;
 For Moneys sake, they'l venture a disgrace ;
 But when no Money does appear, O then,
 They're in their Office very Zealous men :
 Will make strickt Search, and Rummage round about,
 Discovery to make, and find things out,
 For which there's duty or some Custom due ;
 Then they're severe, and will no Kindness shew,
 But tell you that, they are upon their Oathes
 And so will grope you round upon your Clothes,
 That their be no Concealment by you made,
 You must excuse them, for it is their Trade :
 Money the Eyes can close, or open bring,
 That they can see, or cannot see a thing ;
 Things done in time or out of time all's one,
 Or if not, done at all, she can Attone,
 Make all things currant pass at any time,
 And can procure Excuse for every Crime.

20. *On Sergeants at Armes, or pursevants.*

IF a Sergeant at Armes or Pursevant,
 Be sent for you, and Money you do want
 To palm the Man; then he will search about,
 And make Enquiry till he find you out,
 And then away he'l hail you in great hast
 He's other work in hand so can not wast
 His time to wait on you, but you must go
 Along with him, whether you will or no,

But if you've store of Money for a Fee,
 And entertain him well, he'll oversee;
 And so return again, leave you behind;
 And make Return that you he could not find,
 But when that he unto your House did come
 You'd taken a far Journey, gon from home;
 The time you would return uncertain was,
 So he was forc'd to let the business pass;
 Thus Money blinds his Eyes, he can pass by,
 And at's Return excuse it with a Lye.

31. *On Surveyors of Land.*

IF there be Land that you would have Survey'd
 And you th' surveyor would your friend have made;
 Make Money then to him your surest Friend,
 She so effectually will recommend
 You unto him, that you may him command
 For to Return his Survey of the Land,
 As you Instructions give, and do require,
 He'll make it more or less as you desire;
 Money so tempting is that she can have
 A man for love of her become a Knave,
 Rather than suffer Money to pass by,
 Men to oblige her, will both Swear and Lye.

32. *On Stewards.*

IF you would have a Farm at easie Rent,
 Let my Lords Steward know, what's your intent,

Be free to him, and he will bring't about
 For he does always know when Farmes are out,
 So if you store of Money to him bring,
 At easie Rent, he'l place you on the thing,
 Will get you License some fresh Land to plowe,
 Or cut some Wood : and any kindness show ;
 Thus Money proves a powerful advocate
 In Country business and affairs of State.

33. *On Astrologers or Nativity Casters.*

A Strologers if you to them are free
 Of Money, they'l cast your Nativity
 To be Auspicious, fortunate, long Life,
 And if you be a Man, then a Rich Wife
 You sure must have, and if a Woman, she
 Must wed an Husband of great Quality,
 Nought but prosperity shall you attend,
 When as your stars do no such thing portend :
 Money does make Men in their Judgements Err,
 Just as you pay them, so they shall declare,
 If Nobly you do pay, good Fortune then,
 If meanly, various 'tis, like other Men,
 And in horary Questions they do give
 Good or bad Answers, as they do Receive,
 More or less Cash from you, out of your purse,
 So shall their Answers be, better or worse ;
 Thus Money leads a Man which way she will,
 Makes him forget his greatest art and skill :

And does a very Changeling of him make,
To Right or wrong, he'l subscribe for her sake.

34. *On Officers of the Excise.*

TH' Exciseman, a Concealment will o'er look;
For a good Fee, not Enter't in his Book
And where he has a kindness he will charge
At easie Rates, others set down at large,
For the Poor Ale-wives have in this no skill,
So th' Officers, may Charge them as they will
And whatsoe'er they set them down, they must
At the next sitting pay, for there's no trust;
The general Riders, and Surveyors too,
This Idoll Money do adore and Woo,
Think nothing Troublesome, nor count it pain,
If they but this bright Goddess can obtain;
And likewise every other Officer,
Doth Complement, Cring, and make Leggs to her;
She can procure dispatch without delayes,
Or make you dance Attendance many daies,
For she can Expedite or can Foreflowe
Matters she can conceal, or Truth can show,
She any thing can do that you would have
She either can Condemn, or she can save.

35. *On Messingers.*

IF you are in Arrears of fee-Farm Rent,
To th' King, a Messinger to you is sent;

And

And when he comes his fee you must first bring,
 And pay to him, before you pay the King,
 From th' Kings Exchequer, he tells you there's due
 Eight pence a Mile, which he expects from you,
 If Money you do want, he will distrain
 So you must hunt about, for it's in vain
 To think to put him off, for he will stay
 And not stir from your House, till he get Pay,
 Your time for th' Payment of the King may Crave,
 But I, saith he, my Fee will surely have,
 And when I come again, you may Expect
 Each time I'll have my Fee, for your Neglect.
 Himself and Horse you kindly Entertain,
 And you betimes i'th' Morning do complain,
 No Money you can get, then he will take
 A Silver Tankard, Cup, or Bowle, so make
 Requital, in this base ungratefull way,
 And then take Horse, Farewell he can not stay;
 And so the plate along with him must go,
 He's the Kings Messinger, who dare say no,
 The Love of Money doth most Men bereave
 Of all that's good, no manners she doth leave;
 Conscience, nor honesty, where Men do set
 Their minds on nought, but Money how to get:

36. *On Common Informers.*

COMMON Informers, oft times do pretend;
 Men Guilty are, when they do not offend;

Tell them they have Transgress, and broke the Law,
 And so they keep Poor silly Men in Awe,
 Extorting Bribes by fraud and base deceit
 For which sometimes, a pillory they get;
 Then other whiles, where they do get a Fee,
 They manifest Offences will o'er see,
 So Money right or wrong, they'l surely have,
 For she is the dear Solatrix they crave,
 Moneys Memento, ^{remember} always in their Ear is,
 Faciam ut mei Semper memineras,
 The thoughts whereof do run so in their mind,
 Their all, they'l set at stake, Money to find,
 Their Credit place, and Conscience sans Control,
 For Money's sake, they'l pawn their precious Soul.

37. *On Church-Wardens, Surveyors of high ways,
 Overseers of the Poor, Assessors &c.*

CHurch-Wardens and Surveyors of th' high ways,
 Poores Overseers, and Sessors, now a dayes,
 And other Officers, altho they swear,
 Their Office truly to perform, they fear,
 No Oath, nor do they stand the least in awe
 Either of Conscience, or of the Law,
 If they can either Money get or save,
 Each of these Officers will be a Knave:
 Getting or saveing, is such a tempting thing,
 They'l private persons cheat, aswell as thè King,

The Goddeſſe Money all Men Court and woo,
To compaſſe her they care not what they doo.

38. *On Chief Conſtables.*

Quarterly Moneys on each Conſtablery Charg'd,
Is ſometimes by the Maſter chief Enlarg'd,
Six pence, a Groat, or three-pence in a Town,
Above the Sums, the Sessions does ſet down,
Which Overplus he puts into his purſe,
Tho'tis a Cheat, he likes himſelf no worſe,
And tho he know, if it diſcover'd be,
He ſhall be puniſht for ſuch Knavery,
Turn'd out of place, Indicted too, and Fin'd
Yet th' Love of Money runs ſo in his mind,
He'l hazard both his Credit and good Name,
And wholly baniſh fear of worldly ſhame,
Such power's in Money, and ſuch Feats ſhe works,
That Chriſtians, Heathens, and the Jews and Turkes
And all perſwations ſhe Charms to betray
Credit and Conſcience too, her to obey.

39. *On Conſervators of Rivers.*

Conſervators of Rivers, who are made
To look that Fiſher-Men leave of their Trade,
In ſpawning time, and when Fiſh Kipper be;
If Money does Appear, they will o'er ſee
And Noughty Fiſh allow, not fit for uſe;
If Money pleads i'th' Fiſher-Mens Excuse;

She can Excuse unlawfull Nets, and spears,
 Lines, leisters, Trolls, Pots, Angles, Leaps, and weares,
 And all unlawfull Engines in the water; *also*
 If she but Wheedles up the Conservator,
 He has no Power, her Charmes for to withstand,
 If she intrust herself but in his hand,
 O Charming Money with Bewitching wiles,
 Men of their Honesty thou oft Beguiles.

40. *On Post-Boyes.*

MAny dark Night, and Cruel Stormy day,
 In Frost and Snow, and filthy dirty way,
 Poor post-Boyes ride, sometimes are drown'd or starv'd,
 It's wonderfull how they shou'd be preserv'd:
 This hardship they, Poor Creatures do endure,
 Great hazards run, some Money to procure,
 Money's the Darling solace of their mind,
 And th' only chiefe Asylum of Mankind.

41. *On Doctors.*

When one is Sick, if Money do appear,
 She can prevail to have the Doctor there,
 And if she freely do attend the Man,
 Then he'll prescribe the safest Rules he can,
 And his Opinion tell of the Disease,
 And will prescribe such things as shall give Ease,
 Each time he comes, if he Receives a Fee,
 Then frequently you shall the Doctor see,

And

And so long time as he does Money find,
 He dayly shall add Comfort to your mind,
 And say he hopes the danger is quite over,
 When he's assur'd that you will not Recover;
 There's hopes of life, as long as he gets Chink,
 But when that fails, he knowes not what to think,
 He then looks sleightly, and begins to say,
 All hopes are past, you spend so fast away,
 He tells the sick Mans Friends he can not Live,
 He speaks the Truth, when they've no more to give,
 And if the Poor be sick, he's then in hast,
 Or very busie, hath no time to wast,
 Money must come herself, or else you must
 Want his advice, for Docters will not Trust;
 If he be sure that he shall get no pay,
 The Docter's Tongue-ty'd, he has nought to say;
 And so the Poor alone on God depend,
 Whilest th' Rich their Money on the Docters spend,
 Which tho' the Masters all things that have Breath,
 She can not Lengthen life nor Master Death.

42. *Apothecaries.*

When the Apothecary gets a Bill
 From th' Learned Docter, for such Men as will
 Good payment make, and where his Money's sure,
 For such, he looks out drugs, both sound and pure,
 And in his Mortar them will strongly beat,
 And run his Pestel round until he Sweat,

Then make the physick truly up and Quick
 And then the patient Visit, that lies Sick,
 At your Bed-side he takes hold of your Arm,
 And in his Canting Termes, begins his Charm,
 Does feel your pulse, and sayes he'l set you Right,
 And talks, as if he'd Cure you upon sight,
 He to you then a Bottle small doth bring,
 And bids you tast, Oh'tis a cordial thing,
 Then he pulls out a pot of his Conserve,
 Which you must often take, it will preserve
 Your body Cool, repress excessive Thirst,
 But you must take of this same Bottle first
 Sayes he, then many pots and Glasses more,
 He leaves, t'inlarge his Bill, augment your score,
 Which signifie no more for you to Eat,
 Than Chip in potage, for 'tis all a Cheat,
 Then daily doth he, some slip flap or other,
 Bring to your Chamber, and there doth them clother,
 So those that come to Visit you, ne'er stop
 To say, 'tis like th' Apothecaries Shop:
 Money does make his Morter sweetly Knell,
 And if you've none, it Tolls your passing Bell,
 Old Rotten drugs and Medicines he'l Try
 For th' Poor, cares not whether they Live or Die,
 For in such case where Payment he doth fear
 His Shop of Rotten Drugs, then he will clear;
 If Money had the Power but life to give,
 The Rich would never Die, Poor not Long live.

43. *On Romish Priests.*

IF you your Father Confessor do Feed,
 With Cash, you need not fear what life you lead,
 For you may Kill, Rob, Steal, Drink, Whore, and Swear,
 Incest Commit, without regard or Fear,
 Or other sins, for he can pardon all
 Your great and Crying sins, aswell as small:
 And when you dye, if unto him you leave
 A good round Summe, he then your Soul will save
 From purgatory, It straight to Heaven goes,
 Evades all purgatory pains and Woes,
 And so tho Money can't prolong your days
 Yet after Death, she hath the power to raise
 You unto Bliss, if you have stedfast Faith,
 For to Believe the Priest, In what he saith.

44. *On Clerks to Justices of the Peace.*

CLerks to the Justices of Peace, do Love
 Money to get, they for her sake will move,
 And Vigorously for you will interceed,
 If of your Purse to them you freely Bleed,
 And them see Liberally, you then command
 Their help for you, they Back and Edge with stand,
 At Sessions get discharge upon your call,
 So that you need not there Appear at all,
 Or any other Service they can doo,
 Either at Sessions, or at home for you,

Money a Friend in Court, or other place
 Can any time procure, she's in such Grace,
 If Money comes, the Clark's your Friend ne'er fear it,
 If she withdraw, Nullus Amicus erit.

45. *On the Charms of Money in Horse Races,
 and Foot Courses.*

IF you've a mind to keep a Running Horse,
 A good Estate it craves, and a good Purse;
 For when you match, tho' you're assur'd to have
 The Match, yet if the Rider prove a Knave,
 He'll Money take, you falsely to Betray,
 And will for want of Rideing lose the day,
 Or throw your Horse, or out of Wind him Ride,
 Or purposely, run on the Stoopes wrong side:
 And so the Match and keeping too are lost,
 Then home you come, and Fret to be so Crost.
 In most Foot courses too, like Tricks are play'd,
 When wagers are put down, Cheats then are made,
 Such Charms and Power in Money are we know,
 She makes the Horse or Foot, Run Swift or slow,
 This Idol Money the whole world deludes,
 Both private Persons, and whole Multitudes.

46. *On Gripeing Land-Lords.*

SOME Land-Lords minds on Money, are so Bent,
 They never cease to Rack and Raise their Rent;
 Money

Money if they do but get, they do not matter
 If the poor Tennants sit, with Bread and Water,
 To Screwe and Squeese the Men, they ne'er give o'er,
 Until the Tennant's brought to Beggars door,
 When they the days of payment can not keep
 The Land-Lord's gone with all, then at a sweep,
 And leaves the Poor Man and his Family
 Unto the Charge and Care o'th' Constablery,
 Some men ne'er heed, if Money comes but in,
 For they believe Oppression is no Sin.

47. *On Gamesters and Gaming.*

Gamesters at Cards will Cheat, and with fals Dice;
 The Love of Money tempts them into Vice,
 When taken with false play, they'l Damn and Swear,
 To get their Prize will Stab Men without fear,
 The dearest Friends will Quarrel to such height
 When they're at Game, they'l one another Fight
 The sordid humour, and Covetous desire
 Men have for Money, does breed all this Ire,
 Some she makes merry, and some others Sad,
 Some full of passion, others staring Mad,
 Such Strange Effects she woorks, as she thinks good,
 Her Power's so strong, she's not to be withstood.

48. *On Schoolmasters.*

THE pedigogue, who Rules as petty King,
 Over his young Subiects; unto those who bring
 In

In their Relief, and make him punctual pay,
 Observing constantly their Quarter day,
 O'er such, his Rule is gentle Mild and free,
 But o'er the Rest 'tis perfect Tyranny
 Money does make him kind, and pitifull
 To Lads who are Insipient and dull,
 He'l put them right, when they are at a Loss;
 To th' Boys that pay not well, he is more Cross;
 If they have not, Ad unguem every word,
 Then he to them, no favour will afford,
 But up they go forthwith at his Command,
 And feel the Smart of his Correcting hand:
 Dunces with Money, Friendship can obtain,
 When wit without her, Friendless doth remain.

49. *On Petty Constables.*

THE Constable, that Ancient Officer,
 The Idol Money some times doth prefer
 Before his conscience, and for her sake,
 The parties he will neither see nor take
 But make Return, that he can not them find,
 Lets them Escape, Money has made him Blind,
 Tho he be sworn truly to Execute
 His Office, th' Cause is clear, needs no dispute,
 Of Knavery to be Accus'd he's loth,
 Yet Money, he prefers before his Oath,
 And rather then this Charming Mils he lack,
 Credit and Conscience too, must go to wrack.

50. *On Mountibancks.*

THE Mountebanck he Traverseth much ground,
 To find the Place where Money doth abound,
 Then up he sets his stage, where every day
 He shews himself; Andrew the Fool i'th' play
 For Money doth Appear, who for a wit,
 Doth come behind his Master ne'er a Whit,
 Thus Money can produce any disguise,
 Can make a wise Man Fool, and Fool seem wise:
 Then when from every Quarter of the Town
 People are Crowded in to see the Clown,
 And gaz'd at him some time, and Laught a while,
 The Master then with Cring, and gracefull smile,
 Begins aloud, to set forth and proclame
 His own great Wondrous Merits and his Fame,
 And tells what mighty Cures both far and near
 He hath perform'd in each place here and there,
 You may says he, Enquire the Certainty;
 But you'd as good believe as go and see,
 After his long Harangue, he's very willing
 To give you a small Packet for a shilling,
 Containing many Medicines, whose worth
 The little Printed paper doth set forth,
 But when you come to Try these things indeed,
 You'l find they're all but Cheats in time of need:
 If you shall wait with Money in your hand,
 O then you may be certain to Command

His best Advice, in whatsoe'er you will,
 And know the very Bottom of his Skill;
 Of Wen, Hair-Lip, or Cancer too he may
 A Cure perhaps perform, and take away,
 Which any Man can do, aswell as he,
 That is but Skilfull in Chyrurgery ;
 If you are Blind, or Deaf, and can not hear
 He'l bid you trust to him, and do not fear,
 For he will Cure and can Recover both,
 But in such case to trust I should be loth,
 For we can seldom hear or ever find,
 That they the Deaf make hear, or Cure the Blind :
 Money's the Tempting bait at which they Bite,
 Care not if you ne'er hear, nor get your sight,
 For that's the only thing, they hancker after,
 If you ne'er mend, they turn't but to a Laughter.

51. *On Dancing Masters.*

THE dancing Master will his Coopees show
 His steps, and Winds, if he of Money know.
 He'l skip about, and Nimble dance and play,
 When Entring pennyes come, or Quarter day,
 Money makes both his heart and Feet so Light,
 That he can cut his Capers bolt upright,
 But when he Money lacks he's sadly dull,
 If not his Belly, yet his heart is full,
 He's out of order then, ready to Swoond,
 He scarcely then can lift his Feet of ground,

Such Vertue is in Money that she can
 Put life and Spirit into any man,
 When she appears to them ; but when she's gone,
 Their hearts are dull, and heavy as a stone.

52. *On publick Waites.*

THE publick waites who Liveries do own,
 And Badges of a City, or some Town,
 Who are retain'd in constant Yearly pay,
 Do at their Solemn publick Meetings play,
 And up and down the Streets, and Town in cold
 Dark Nights, when th' Instruments they can scarce hold
 They play about, and tell what hour it is,
 And Weather too, this Course they do not miss,
 Most part of Winter, in the Nights ; and when
 Some Generous Persons come to Town, these Men
 As soon as they're Inform'd, do then repair
 Unto their Lodgings play them some fine Ayre
 Or brisk new tune, such as themselves think fit,
 And which they hope, with th' Gallants fancies hit,
 They cry God Bless you Sirs ; again then play,
 Expecting Money, e'er they go away,
 For she's the Mils that in their hearts doth Reign,
 No waiting's servile thought, this Miss to gain,
 All Trades, with all professions, and all Arts,
 Money to compass, do all Act their parts,
 She makes a Jubile where e'er she staves,
 And where she's not, they have but Anxious dayes.

53. *On Fencing Masters.*

THE Master of defence for Money will
 Appear upon the Stage, to shew his skill,
 And Art in Fencing there, before Mens Eyes,
 And publickly will Fight to get a prize,
 Himself adventure to be Cut and Slasht,
 And some times Main'd perchance, or soundly Gasht,
 By his Antagonist, some times in Rage,
 Disgracefully in scorn, thrown of the Stage;
 So sprightly Vigorous is Moneys Charm,
 He will Adventure both disgrace and harm,
 Nay men about Miss Money make such stir,
 That they will Resolutely dye for her.

54. *On the Bell Man.*

THE Bell Man at the Dead of Night walks round,
 And with an Hollow Voice, and dolefull sound,
 Puts you in mind then of your later end.
 Instructions gives, how you your Life should spend,
 What time of Night it is, he doth declare,
 Then to another place he doth Repair,
 And thus from Night to Night, though ne'er so Cold,
 In Frost and Snow, this Constant course doth hold,
 And all this hardship he doth undertake
 Without Complaint, for Madam Moneys sake
 For he without her knows not how to Live,
 So day and Night he will Attendance give,

And

And thinks no Service nor no pains too much,
For Moneys sake, his Love to her is such.

55. *On High-Way-Men, and Padders.*

SOME to get Money think no pains too great,
Others for Love of her, Lye Swear and Cheat,
But High-Way-Men and Padders for her sake,
Venture their all, and set their Lives at stake,
And whether they, by Horse or Foot do Rob,
Perchance those they assault, may do their Job,
But if they're neither slain, nor soundly Bang'd,
Yet if they're taken, they'l be surely Hang'd,
And tho before hand, their hard Fate they know,
Yet they for Lady Moneys sake doe show,
Such Love and Kindness, that they value not
Her to obtain, if they're Kill'd on the spot,
And few of them though long time they have past,
But they are either kild, or hang'd at last,
Money is sure a Witch, that can entice
Fond Men, to Run just headlong into Vice,
And desperately to Act, and perpetrate
A Wickedness, attended with such fate
Besides the Sin doth recompence their pains,
With Hanging, sometimes Gibbeted in chains.

56. *On Usurers.*

IF you to borrow Money stand in Need,
If your Security be good, you Speed,

But

But then the Vsurer he doth Expect
 Payment of Interest, you'l not Neglect,
 Every six Moneths, or else be sure he'l call
 Both for the Use, and for the Principal,
 And if you're not provided to pay't in,
 To threaten you with Law, he doth begin,
 Then you must Treat th' Old Miser, presents make
 To th' Wife, or Son, or Daughter, and them take
 For Friends, that you may keep't to further day,
 Till you the Summe are able to Repay ;
 And thus they're harrazed, that Money lack
 Enough to make their very Heart-strings crack,
 Money is sure the Root of every Evil,
 And th' Love thereof proceedeth from the Devil.

57. *On the Force and power of Money,
 in the preferment of Young Lasses.*

THE Curious Girle come of good parentage,
 Of Comely body, Beautifull, right Age,
 Endow'd with Natures prime and cheifest Arts ;
 Which one would think, could charm beholders hearts,
 Yet if she Money lack, she's only Gaz'd
 And lookt upon, and for a Beauty prais'd,
 But often staves until her Beauty fade
 Before she's Courted, and a Wife is made,
 And then the Courtship oft times proves to be
 By those who are below her Quality,

To whose Embraces, she must yield Consent,
 Else single Life to lead, must be Content.
 Whereas the Squint-Ey'd, Lame, deformed Lads,
 If she have Money, doth for Beauty pass,
 Persons of all degrees do her Admire,
 Not for her Self; her Money they desire,
 Which if she wanted, no Man would Endeavour
 Her Love to gaine, But she might stay for ever,
 Curse on this Money, that doth men Ensnare
 To leave the fine, and take the Courtest wate;
 She forces Men deformities to woo
 All Sizes, Ages, and all Colours too.

58. *On Clippers and Coyners.*

THE love of Money is so prevalent,
 Some Men and Women are so fully bent
 In quest of it, that they will undertake
 To spoile the Currant Coin for lucre's sake
 Clip, Round, or Wash, Diminish or Impair;
 Or Falsifie, all which Offences are
 Treason by Law, and such as are discry'd,
 And guilty found thereof, when they are Try'd
 Must suffer Death, with Scandal and disgrace;
 On Sleds the Men are drawn unto the place
 Where they their Ignominious Exit make,
 And Womens Doom is Burning at a stake:
 Money such Persons; surely does Enchant
 Whose minds and thoughts these Terrors do not daunt;

Her Charms are wonderfull that can require
Men to be Hang'd, Women to Burn i'th' Fire:

59. *On Musicians.*

MUSICIANS run about from place to place,
To Wedings, Fairs, cock-fightings, and horse-race
And such like Meetings, hoping there to find
Some frolick persons, to them will be kind,
And Money give them, which their hearts will Chear,
And please as well as musick doth the Ear,
No harmony like Money in one's Purse,
And where she's not, noe Sadness can be worse,
Money's the universal Anodyne,
And of more Solace, than Musick or Wine
Where e'er she comes and stāyes she makes men glad,
Dispels all grief, they need not then be Sad:

60. *On Sextons or Bell Ringers.*

THE Sexton every Morning and each Night,
Winter when Dark, and Somer when it's Light,
Enters the Church, though it be ne'er so Cold,
Maugre all phantasms there, with Courage Bold,
And then at th' noted hour, does Ring the Bell,
That all the Neighbours, round about may tell
How th' Night does pass away, and day draws on,
That so the People may then think upon,
What Business they have then, to go about;
And thus the Sexton the whole year throughout
Observes

Observes his hour, and at the Quarter day
 Do's call upon his Masters for his pay :
 'Tis Money that he works for, that's the thing,
 That makes him time observe, and Bell to Ring,
 For if he had no Money to Receive,
 He'd Ring no Bell, nor no Attendance give.

61. *On the Common Cryer.*

THE Common Cryer walks about, with's Bell,
 At certain places makes his stand, to tell
 And publish things, that he is to make known
 To strangers, and to th' People of the Town,
 This he performs, for mean and sorry Fees,
 Some Money's better far, then none he sees,
 And of th' Old saying, he does notice take,
 That many littles, does a Mickle make ;
 For Money, Men are willing to take pains,
 And rather then Idle sit, for little gains.

62. *On Miners,*

Miners that work below within the ground,
 For Coals, Lead, Tinn, or Iron, oft are found
 Crush'd by the falling in of Earth to Death,
 Or sulphurous damp's do Rise, and stop their Breat
 The Love of Money makes them thus to venture
 For therein does their Chiefest comfort Center,
 It's their Alexicacon, and no Evil
 They fear, if Money comes, no not the Devil ;

Money Poor Souls they do so highly prize,
 To compass her all dangers they despise,
 Into the Dark and deepest pits they'l Sink,
 Midst noisome Vapours down, even to hell's brink,
 Adventure Life, and Limbs, and all that's dear,
 For Moneys sake, banish all panick fear;
 Men boldly vndertake and fearless are
 In things, where Money falls unto their share.

63. *On Common Fowlers.*

THe common Fowlers which do mak't their Trade,
 In many Carr, and Plash of water wade,
 In Hail, and Frost, and Snow, they go about,
 Walk here and there, in hopes to find Game out,
 And all this pains they take with willing Mind,
 Because thereby they Money get, they find,
 Which cheers their hearts, and Minds, when they her get,
 Altho their hands, and feet, be cold and wet,
 Let Poverty or Riches, be ones Fate,
 Money's Consolabund in every State.

64. *On the Arms Painters.*

IF to th' Arms Painter, you do tell your Name,
 He'l quickly find a Coat out for the same,
 And he will tell you for a good round Fee,
 That it belongs unto your Family,
 When as perchance, if you fall into strife,
 You have as good a Right to th' Heralds Wife;

Yet he for Money will such kindness shew
 He'll give you Coat, and Crest, and Mantling too,
 And all in Colours neatly will display,
 Deliver't then to you; to take away,
 Which you may use, and by it Cut a Seal
 And challeng't as your own, he'll not reveal,
 Your Money stops his mouth, he'll silent be,
 Altho he knows 'tis Cheat and Fallacy;
 He that has Money, may take anothers Right
 And keep and use it, in the Owners sight,
 Money makes wrong be Right, and Right be wrong,
 She makes a Man to speak, or hold his Tongue,
 She's the Enchanting pharmacentria
 Whoes powerfull Charmes can lead Men any way.

*65. On Moneys Efficacy, in gaining seeming
 Love to Old Men, and Old Women.*

Money will make a Fresh young Bucksom Lads,
 Let an old crazy Dotard her Embrace,
 She'll think him brisk and fresh as Rose in June,
 If wanted wealth, she'd sing another Tune,
 And him which now Enjoys her Maiden-head,
 She would disdain, and fly his hated Bed,
 But she her brisk Amours does soon forsake,
 And her Old man she doth a Cuckold make,
 And that's the Fortune of Old Silly Fools,
 That match themselves to such young airy Tools.

The Withered Old Woman, if she've store
 Of Cash, the young Gallant will her Adore,
 And Swears she's Lovely, he dyes, if he miss her,
 Whereas if Poor, she'd make him Spewe to Kifs her,
 Th' Old Creature does believe, is at's Command,
 Pleights him her Troth, and gives to him her hand,
 Consents to Marriage, he visits her each day,
 And she like a young Girl doth Toy and play,
 At length the day doth come, that they are Wed,
 And he against his stomach, goes to Bed,
 He Kisses her, and fore against his will
 Her old Lascivious humour doth fulfil :
 Thus for a while, he'll please, and slights her not,
 Till he her Money, Gold, and Bonds has got,
 And then he weary grows, and can not Kifs,
 Loathes her Embraces, must now keep a Miss,
 Under her Nose, for th' pleasure of his life,
 With whom he'l Kifs, in spight of his Old Wife,
 Th' old Woman storms, that she's so much Neglected,
 And th' gay Flurting Miss is so Respected,
 She sighs and sobs, that she alone must lye
 And her brisk Youth abhors her Company,
 And nought delights him now, but his young Miss,
 But such the Fruits of such a Marriage is,
 For Youth and Age, are very seldom found
 In their Embraces, constant firm and Sound,
 The one Repents the Folly they're run in,
 Whilest th' other wallows in their Lust and Sin,
Equality

Equality in Age, and in degree,
And Fortunes too, make the best Sympathy.

66. *On Farmers Husband-men and Grayfiers*

THE Farmer Husband-man, and Grayfier keep
Their Cattel, Horses, Butter, Corn, and sheep,
And several Markets Try, both far, and near,
Having still hopes, to Sell their goods out dear ;
Their Cattel they will Comb, and Horns will grease,
That they may viewly look, and Chapmen please,
Their sacks, and pokes, with well drest Corn they'l face,
When that within's ill Drest, and very base,
A Sample of their finest Corn they'l get,
Seldom deliver th' rest, like unto it,
For that was done, to draw the Bargain on,
They care not, how th' Corn's drest, when that is done,
Such Tricks as these they have, Money to gain,
And many more, For her they beat their Brain,
She is the only thing for which they Toyle,
Early and Late, and work, and Sweat, and Moyle,
And when they Money get, she brings Relief,
And Recompenseth all their Care and Grief,
But when they Money want, they cannot Rest,
For then with grief and care, they are oppress.

67. *On Millers.*

WHEN Corn is dear, the Miller often is
(To get great gains) Tempted to do amiss,

Not pleas'd with's due, Excessive Toll he'll take,
 And all the Country Cheat, for Moneys sake,
 But the Old Saying is, as hath been told,
 An honest Miller hath a Thumb of Gold.

68. *On the Influence Money hath
 amongst Labourers and work-People.*

IF you want work-men, and they are but scant,
 Pay well, and give good Wage, you need not want
 Carpenters, Mafons, Slaters, and Lime-Burners,
 Brick-Layers, Tilers, Shinglers, Joyners, Turners,
 Smiths, Plummers, Glasiers, Leaders of Sand,
 Thatchers and Gardiners, you may command,
 Or other Workmen; Money is their Blifs,
 They think that there no greater Comfort is;
 When Mowers, Rakers, and Reapers, are but few,
 Two pence advance in Wage, procures enow,
 When neither love nor favour can procure 'em,
 Yet powerfull Money failes not to secure 'em;
 For where they get best wage, and surest pay,
 Those Masters they will follow and obey.

69. *On Gardiners.*

IF standards, or wall-Trees, you mean to plant,
 And with a Gardener treat, for those you want,
 No sort of fruit Trees, you can easily name,
 But he'll assure you, he has some o'th' same,

But his are of the Choicest Fruit, and best,
That can be had, so price above the rest
Of Common Gardeners, he'l have for his Trees,
And thus he wheedles you, at length agrees
To furnish you with some of every kind,
And so he Money gets to please his Mind ;
And that's the thing which he hath in pursuit,
And you must take your hazard of the Fruit ;
So after patience had for some few years,
At length, Crab, sower, and mean trash Fruit appears,
At which you're vext to find the fellows Cheat,
You send for him, can scarce forbear to beat
The Man, you call him Rascal Rogue and Knave,
He caps and Cringes, does your patience crave,
To hear him speak ; he did not understand
Your soil so well as now ; there's too much Sand,
Or Clay or Mud, or Gravel in your ground,
There lyes the Michief Sir, I now have found,
And that's the reason why your Fruit proves nought,
For there's no fault I'm sure, i'th' Trees you bought,
I have some Trees right for this soil will prove,
Else you shall have them all Sir, For your Love,
Thus both your time and Money you have lost,
And by this Cheat, you're put to double cost,
Before he brings you Trees, he knowes are right,
Altho he cold have done it at first sight ;
But Money was the thing the Man did covet,
All Sciences and Trades, do fondly Love it,

They care not what they do for Love of gain,
No Cheats nor Tricks for Money they'l refrain.

70. *On the Provident Country House-wife.*

THE frugal Wife, hath great care in her Head,
She Riseth early, and late goes to Bed,
She is more Thrifty in her house then any,
She'l nothing wast, she thinks will make a penny,
If ought be broke, or out of order set,
She Chides her Servants, and is in a Fret,
To mind her Chirn, Bowls, Dishes, and Milk-pale,
Be Scowr'd, and Washt, and Scalded, she'l not fail,
And all her Vessel kept, Neat, Sweet, and Clean,
No Sluttishness about her Milk is seen,
She minds to keep the same, both sweet and good,
And so she doth her Bread, and Drink, and Food,
In Brewing, Bakeing, and in dressing Meat,
She's frugal, cleanly, and Exceeding neat;
Enough's a Feast, so more she will not have,
Profuseness she's against, resolves to save,
For she's not given to a Lavish folly
Better have many Meals than few and Iolly,
Her Cream into the Chirn, she sees pour'd in
And minds her Maids be clean, when they begin
To Churn, and that they have no nasty Clout
About them then, nor lick nor take none out,
She makes them take't clear out, when th' Butter's got,
Then strains the Milk through sieve into a pot,

Thus

Thus she saves all, to th' bigness of a Nut
And she that does not so's, a Careless slut,
'Then she doth wash it clean with water fair,
Leaves not a Moat therein, nor the least hair,
Then weighs it up, and for the Market makes it,
And there, all those that know her, quickly takes it;
To th' making then of Cheese, she takes great Care,
Minds that the Rennet's Sweet, and Cheese meat's fair,
In clean Cloths put, each time they go to th' press,
And there set straight, not slubber'd in by guess,
Her Curds when they're at height, she takes up all,
Least they unto the Kettle bottom fall,
Drowsie and Sleepy most Maids are, she knows,
So she doth look to th' Milking of her Cows,
Their paps she'l have well drawn, they must not leave,
So long as th' Cows a drop of Milk will give,
Her Hogs and Calves then, she will have well serv'd,
If to her Maids she trust, they'l be half starv'd,
For th' Meat's some times so thin, and Cold they get,
That they'l not lye their Mouths to't, but take pet,
Then otherwhiles they make't so hot indeed,
To death they'd scald them, if she did not heed,
Her turkyes, Geese, and Ducks she minds each day,
Makes them convenient Nests, when they do lay,
And when their Nests they Feather and would fit,
Such number of choice Eggs, she'l for them fit
As she thinks they can Cover well and Brood
When they come off, there's Water set and food,

But

But then she minds, when from the Nests, they're rais'd,
 They stay not too long off, lest th' Eggs be daz'd,
 The time of hatching, she knows very well,
 And then observes, and helps to crack the shell,
 If she perceives the young-ones are but weak,
 She helps them then, out of the shell to break,
 And carefull is to get them brought up fit,
 For th' Market, or for her own Pot or Spit,
 Her Hens to count each Night she will not fail
 And with her Finger grope them in the ———
 And such as are with Egg, she doth secure,
 No Eggs can then be lost, she is right sure;
 Then when her Hens do sit, she Careful is
 As for her other Fowl, there's nought amiss;
 She at the Winnowing of Corn will be,
 To have't well drest, and no wast made she'l see,
 If th' wind be high, to Winnow then she's loth,
 Least any of the Corn blow of the Cloth,
 When th' Corn is fit to measure, she takes care
 To do't herself, or see't done, when she's there,
 Into some Garner then, the Corn's convey'd,
 For th' house use there or for the Market layd;
 A good Wife thus, takes care in every thing,
 Which she conceives or knows will Money bring,
 Money's the Solace of her mind and heart,
 To compass which noughts wanting on her part,
 She toils all day, and in her Bed contrives
 All ways for Money, few such carefull Wives,

Her

Richard Hens

M

Her mind runs after that will Money bring,
 And she will Money make of any thing,
 The saying's old, but much Truth doth contain,
 Unthrifty Wives wast more than Husbands gaine,
 For th' Husband that would thrive, and Riches have,
 Must in such case his Wifes permission crave.

71. *On the different Effects wrought by Money,
 between the Neecessitous Person, and the Miser.*

Money if we do but consider't well,
 We find produceth good Effects and ill,
 She the Neecessitated doth Relieve,
 And out of Miserie doth them Retrieve,
 She brings them Comfort, when their hearts are down,
 And makes them Courage take, 'gainst fortunes frown:
 But to the Miser, she's another thing,
 Money great Mischief unto him doth bring,
 The more he gets, the greater is his Curse,
 For he thereby becomes still worse, and worse,
 The more he hath, he still doth Covet more,
 And will not cease till Death calls at his door,
 Then all his houred Treasure he would give,
 To Bribe and put of Death, that he might Live,
 But now he sees the folly of his gains,
 They cannot life prolong, nor ease his pains,
 Money no Comfort now affords the Man,
 When he begins to look pale faint and wan,

And

54 Money Masters.

And sick to Death, O then, he doth Express
 Great grief and Sorrow for his Wickedness,
 And if he were to Live again, he would
 Abhor the eager gripeing after Gold,
 But death's inexorable and gives no dayes
 No pleadings he admits of for Delayes,
 But when he comes poor Mortals to Arrest,
 They Natures debt must pay, without Contest.

72. *On Moneyes Influence over some Girles,
 and Wives.*

MAny fine Girl and Wife, through long pursuit
 With Money tempted is to prostitute
 Her Curious Body, and to pawn her honour
 To some young Gallant, that is brisk upon her,
 And thus this Idol Money doth entice
 Many fine Creature to submit to Vice,
 And great debauchery, without Control,
 To th hazard both of Body and of Soul.

73. *On Moneyes strange Charmes in breeding
 Quarrells, or Reconsiling differences.*

Great is the power that is in Money had,
 The force thereof produceth good and bad
 This wicked Idol makes dear Friends fall out,
 Great Foes to be great Friends, she brings about,
 Money

Money can make Men one another sue,
 And Act such things, which afterwards they'l rue,
 Nay she can make them one another Fight,
 And Murder out of hand some times in spight,
 She Quarrels breeds, and also Reconsiles,
 Which way she will, she leads Men with her wiles:
 Nor wit, nor Force, is able to withstand,
 Her Charmes are such, she all Men does Command.

74. *On the Power of Money amongst
 poor Labouring Men.*

IF you to let a piece of Work desire,
 The Labourer, that duely works for hire,
 Will take it, and will Labour very sore
 To get two pence, or three pence sometimes, more
 Than daily Labour comes to, so the Man
 Works late and early, with all strength he can,
 And when he gets his Wage, it Chears his heart,
 With Joy to's Wife and Children he'l depart.

75. *On Butter Buyers or Factors.*

THE Butter Buyers 'mongst themselves agree,
 How they may Gull, and Cheat the Country,
 They know poor Farmers are enforcst to sell,
 So they do make the price just as they will,
 Higher or lower prices they set down,
 As they see more or less come to the Town,

When

When there does come, plenty of Firkins in,
 Then to th' Poor Men they stories do begin,
 Tell them at London th' Markets are so low;
 That how to buy and save, they do not know,
 Tho not a word of this they know is true,
 Yet by this Artifice, they Wrest and Screw
 Great proffit to themselves, and Money get,
 From th' honest Farmers, without much Regret:
 These Buyers 'mongst themselves low prices make,
 Which the Poor Farmers are enforcst to take,
 For Money they do want, else had not come,
 So sell they must, Money to carry home;
 But when these Factors Orders do receive
 To Buy a parcell quickly up, they'l give
 Twelve-pence advance Perhaps, or some times more,
 But when they're serv'd the price is as before,
 And thus the County is brought to submit,
 And take such prices, as these Men think fit;
 If you a Pound or more, do want of weight,
 Then you must make Abatement for it straight,
 But if your Firkin proves a pound or two
 O're weight, for that they nothing will allow,
 At every Turn, proffit they're sure to make,
 And all the Country Cheat, for Moneys sake.

76. *On Corn Marchants, and Malsters.*

CORN Marchants, and the Malsters chiefest Care,
 Is Grain to buy cheap in, and sell out dear,

When

When Farmers, and poor Husband men, would sell,
Wages to pay, or Rents to Raise, they sinell
Their want of cash; then are they very shy
Are full of Corn, want Money, can not buy,
But if they can but bring you to their Pin,
They'l Bargain then, your Corn you may bring in,
And thus does Run Poor Mens unhappy Fate,
They must for Money sell at any Rate;
But when the Buyers have got pritty store.
And for some time resolve to buy no more,
Then they bethink themselves whether last Year,
Or this, they did their Corn buy in more dear
If the last year, great store of Old they have,
If this more dear, they could no old store save,
So all must go at the best price they give,
And by this means they're Rich, and bravely live,
If Money can but any wayes be had,
It's welcome tho the means be ne'er so bad,
When as a steeping failes, and th' malt's not Right,
Then that is mixt, layd in some place in sight,
To send abroad to those whose Custome they
Do not Regard, because they badly pay,
But those that take up much, and take great Care
To make good payment, get the choifest ware,
So runs the world, these that have Money may
Have any thing, where'ts wanting, they're said Nay.

77. *On Jobbers of Cattel.*

THE Jobber buying Cattel, doth contrive
 To some Remote farr market them to drive,
 Where he's in hopes, they will good profit bring,
 And that alone, is the desired thing,
 At which he aimeth, and all People Covet,
 For all mankind of all degrees do love it:
 'Tis Cash each Man desires to have, and keep it,
 He that does not, Quæ te dementia cepit,
 May well be said of such, for't comes to pass,
 Where Money's wanting every silly Ass
 Insults o're you, his Tongue is there let loose,
 Altho he scarce can say, Bo, to a Goose.
 Money procures Réspect, to every Fool,
 He's Capp'd, and Cring'd, tho he look like an Owle.

78. *On Butter Searchers.*

IF th' Butter Searcher, do some Firkins find,
 Not perfect Right, yet some times he'l be kind,
 And pass'em by, if th' Owners he do know,
 And be assur'd they'l kindness to him shôw,
 And presents make unto his Wife, or Self,
 For tho no Money Bribes this Cunning Elfe,
 Would be suppos'd from any to receive,
 Yet he will take, what other things you'l give,
 If any call these Bribes, he hath this shift,
 Will tell you no, what is more free then Gift,

If you, Corn, Geese, or Turkeys, will send in,
He'l take 'em kindly, and will think't no Sin.

79. *On Farryers.*

IF you've an Horse that's sick or Lame, wants Cure,
When e'er the Farryer comes, he'l you assure
That he can cure him, and will undertake
That he'l perform great Feats, for Moneys sake ;
He knows how many Bones, and Joynts, as plain,
And every sinewe Artery, and Vein,
Are in your Horse, and where and how they lye,
As if he'd Read upon Anotomy :
And yet for all his Skill, we often see,
That he does clear mistake the Mallady,
Which being not by him right understood,
He oft gives that, which doth more harm than good ;
And so instead of Curing of your Horse,
He makes him every day, farr worse and worse,
Until at length, he turns up's heels and Dye,
And yet the Horse-Leech you must satisfie
For his Medicaments, Labour and pains,
And so your loss, at length becomes his gains;
I've known a Noted Farryer so Misled,
He's said an Horse was strain'd, or Tiffed,
And has hot Oyles unto the Horse apply'd
For some few dayes, until it was Espid
The Horse was Gravelled, and did break out
Above the Hoofe, which put it out of doubt,

He wonders then, he should so far mistake,
 And sayes he now must other Measures take,
 He Cuts the hoof, finds all within decay'd,
 The Horse will lose his hoof, I am afraid,
 Cryes he, then long time tampers with the same,
 Till th' Horse is Kill'd or at the best proves Lame,
 And yet tho through this Fellows Ignorance,
 To you befalls this dammage and Mischance,
 He'l have the Confidence Money to ask,
 Though he thus fondly have perform'd his task
 But yet I think if he had his desert,
 To pay for th' Horse in such case is his part.

80. *On the Horse Jockey.*

THe Cunning Jockye Feeds, and Graithes his horse
 In hopes that he thereby shall fill his purse,
 With white and Yellow Ore, which will Revive
 His drooping thoughts, when he finds he shall thrive:
 Boyl'd Corn, with mash, and Balls, and other things
 He gives his Horse, which he knows quickly brings
 And plumps him up, makes him look fat and Fair,
 And for a Market handsome viewly ware,
 And tho he know in this, there's much deceit,
 Yet he to get him off, doth use this Cheat,
 It's Money that he wants, and her he'l have,
 So Tricks will play, Money to get or save,
 She is the dear prolubium of his Mind,
 And to get her, he many wayes will find.

81. *On the power of Money in Estrangeing
a Man from his Acquayntance.*

IF your Acquaintance which you once have knowi.
Was rich, and's now grown poor, you'l scarce him own
Especially if you foresee and know,
He comes to beg, or something ask of you,
You'l not Remember then, that you before
Have seen him, walk Sir, trouble me no more;
O fie on Money, that she shou'd thus make,
A Man his old Acquaintance to forsake.

82. *On Badgers.*

FROM Market unto Market the Poor Badger
Doth Ride and Run, and make himself a Cadger
Of Corn, from place to place, and takes great pains,
And all is but to get a little gains,
And if with proffit Money does but come,
He with Rejoycing then Returneth home,
Money revives his heart, if she'l be found,
For her dear sake he'l seek the Country Round:

83. *On a Gentlemans Shepheard.*

IF you have such a stock and store of Sheep,
That you a Shepheard are Enforcst to keep,
Then over him you ought to take some care
For they oft times Knavish, and Roguish are;

Not pleased with their wage, more gains to make,
 A sheep or Lamb, they now and then will take,
 Then show their Skins, and by some Dogs they'l say
 Chafed they were, and kild but Yesterday,
 Or by Misfortune, fell into some Ditch,
 And so were drown'd: Money doth them Bewitch,
 To steal the Muttons, their needs to supply,
 Then think t' excuse the matter with a Lye,
 He that gives too much Credit, and believes
 His Servants at all times, shall make 'em Thieves.

84. *On Inn-Keepers.*

IF to an Inn you come, and freely call,
IO then, the Masters Company you shall
 Forthwith enjoy, there's nothing can withstand,
 But he is solely Sir, at your Command,
 The Hostler is call'd in to take a Glas,
 The Master chargeth him before he pass,
 To take care of your Horse, and rub him clean,
 That not a bit of dirt be felt or seen,
 Set him in the close stall and fill his Rack,
 And let him Eat until his Belly Crack,
 Then feed and Water him in time, if you
 Expect the Gentleman shall kindness shew,
 Then you, and th' Host do sit and Bowze about,
 And try which of you two does prove more stout,
 And when the one of you does Drowsie grow,
 It's then high time, for you to call and know

To see your Lodging-Chamber and the Bed,
 Where you must Rest and lye your Drowsie-head ;
 I'th' Morning you reioyce to meet again,
 And fall afresh into a merry Vein ;
 And when you're for your Journey, then comes in
 The Land-Lords dram o'th' Bottle, he'l begin
 Your health, wish you an happy Journey home,
 Seldome such Guests unto his house do come :
 That Money freely spend and fill his Purse,
 For when the Niggard comes it is a Curse,
 He for a Single pot will call, and sit,
 And spend an hour at least in Drinking it,
 Then out he walks to see his Horse i'th' Stable,
 And then comes in, and bids 'em spread the Table,
 And let him have his Supper very Quick,
 For he'l to Bed, he feels he's somewhat sick,
 Such Guests the host had rather be without,
 And when they're gone, he doth deride and flout ;
 So Money's certainly the only thing,
 That Men to favour and Respect doth bring
 And he that wants it, is Esteem'd a slave,
 And the Poor Man that cannot pay, a Knave

85. *On Vintners.*

THE Vintner, if you are a Constant Guest
 And Nobly spend, you need not to request
 The Choicest Wine, for he will on his word,
 Bring the best in, his Cellar will afford,

And sit down by you, not go out of Sight,
 Nor leave your Company by day nor Night,
 So long as you will sit and Drink good Wine,
 Tho it be ne'er so late he'l not repine,
 Money comes finely in and that's the thing
 Rubs off all carefull thoughts, and makes Men sing;
 When you are weary grown, can Drink no more,
 Your Gust, and Appetite for to restore,
 Then Olives and Anchovies are brought in,
 Which when you tast, afresh you do begin,
 Place me Three or Four Bottles more in sight,
 And them you Sipple off, then bid Good-Night,
 But when the Miser doth come in and call
 For gill, or Pint of the best Wine, you shall
 The drawer cryes, have that that's very fine,
 Canary, Rhenish, White, or Clarret Wine,
 Let me a Gill of your best Sack then have,
 You shall, you shall he Cryes, and then the Knave
 Good and bad Wine doth mix, then up doth pass,
 And pours some neatly out, into the Glass,
 How Nitty, and how Raisie't looks cryes he,
 This is good Wine Sir, if you'l Credit me,
 The Miser Tasts, and Smacks it in his Mouth,
 I doubt you've Cheated me, you Cunning Youth,
 Upon my word Sir, 'tis the very best,
 None such I'd draw, were't not at your Request,
 Pray Tast it then, he Sups, and Squirts it out,
 Why Sir, what ails the Wine? you'l not find out

A better Glas i'th' Town, this I dare say,
 The Miser Drinks it off, so goes his way.
 But doth Suspect there's better Wine i'th' House,
 But not for th' Custom, that's not worth a Louse,
 Those that do freely spend, the best Wine may
 Command, when those that do not, are said nay.

86. *On the Wine Marchants.*

IF the Wine Marchants Cowper chance to light
 Upon a peece of Wine, that's good and Right,
 The Marchant saves't for him that payes the best,
 And sends it in to him, without Request,
 That all the Town throughout, he may outbrave,
 That such a peece of Wine none of them have.

87. *On Porters.*

POrters at Tavern doors, or some street end,
 With Pokes, and Cords, do constantly attend,
 To wait a Turn, or on an Errand go,
 Or goods and Luggage, carry to and fro,
 And thus from day to day in Heat and Cold,
 In weather wet and dry, this Course they hold,
 Labour and any hardship they'l endure,
 So they thereby can Money but ensure;
 Money's the Pharmacotheon indeed,
 That Cures Mens grief in greatest time of Need.

88. *On Hackney Coach-Men.*

THE Hackney Coach-Man, when he sees it Rain,
 Is Pleas'd thereat, tho others do Complain
 For he's in hopes to have then a good Trade,
 Whereby great store of Money will be made,
 He values not, though he be wet to th' skin,
 If he can get but store of Money in,
 In wet and Cold he'l drive, tho Storms be great
 And in hot Weather moile in dust and Sweat,
 And in his Coach-Box, with great patience fits,
 For Money runs betwixt him and his wits,
 His mind is wholly fixt upon his Gains,
 'Tis Money that does recompence his pains.

89. *On Foot Men, and Boyes.*

FOot Men and Boyes, behind a Coach do sit,
 Oft times, when as their Masters Ride in it,
 They other whiles Run by their Masters side,
 When they in Coaches, or on Horse back Ride,
 Sometimes they follow them, and Cloaks do carry
 Sometimes at Doors Attendance give, and tarry
 Aswell in darkest Night, as in the day,
 Till th' Masters Pleasure is, to go away,
 This Life they lead, they run, they go, they wait,
 With patience take't because it is their Fate,
 From generous hands, they oft with Money meet,
 Which bitter Toyle, and slavery, makes sweet,
 There's

There's few but they will wait, and Run, and go,
If they be sure, they shall get Money so.

90. *On Hostlers.*

AN Hostler's lookt upon to be a Man,
That certainly will Cheat you if he can,
For tho you see your Horse with Corn well Fed,
And take great pains before you go to Bed,
To have your Horse's Rack well fill'd with Hay,
As soon as you are gone, he'l take't away,
And so your Horse all Night, stands without Meat,
Then the next Morn betime, that he no Cheat
May seem to be, he puts some in the Rack,
And sayes, Master your Horse no Meat did lack,
Your selfe did see, the Rack I did so fill,
That there is some remaining in it still,
And thus the Rogue his Credit would Retrieve,
Hoping that what he sayes, you do believe;
If with your Corn, you Trust him to your Horse,
Then he, its like, will Cheat you worse and worse,
If you command him half a peck to give
Your Horse, then half as much he may Receive,
Or sometimes none at all, you must take Care,
Or otherwise your Horse will get ill Fair,
But this is unto such who strangers are,
Or pinching Slaves, for whom he doth not Care,
If you're a Constant Guest, and Nobly pay,
He'l neither Cheat you then of Corn nor Hay;

But will as honest be in every case,
 As if yourself were by him in the place,
 For he's assur'd, you will be very free,
 And so he deals with you in honestie,
 Immoderate Love of gains for his Reliefe,
 Does tempt the Man, to make himself a Theif:
 There's many have so dearly Money bought,
 That they themselves have to the Gallows brought.

91. *On Common Carryers.*

THe drudging Carryers throughout the Year,
 There loaden Horses follow in the Rear,
 In Winter time with many Storms they meet,
 Early and late they go with cold wet Feet,
 In Summer-time, they're all besmear'd with sweat,
 Blinded almost with Dust, their Feet sore beat,
 And thus throughout the Year this course they Run,
 In Winter Froze, in Summer Tann'd with th' Sun,
 If for their pains you ask the Reason why,
 It is because they Money get thereby,
 Money's the Antidote 'gainst all distress,
 She comfort brings, unto the Comfortless,
 That man no Trouble, pains, not hardship feels,
 Where Money surely follows him at th' heels.

92. *On Tapsters*

Tapsters who th' Masters Cellars Farm by great,
 Will froth their Cans, and Pots, nick on, and cheat,
 Their

Their drink in Cans, Black Jacks, and pots will fill
 Tankards, and little Muggs; for Cheat they will,
 Both in their pinching measure; and their Score,
 As long as Money comes, they'l ne'er give o're,
 Play all their Tricks, that they may hold her fast,
 Till the Devil comes, and the Tapster gets at last.

93. *On Drapers and Mercers.*

IF you to th' Draper or a Mercer go,
 With Cash in hand, good penny-worths they'l shoue,
 Of Cloth, and Silkes, and Gold and Silver lace,
 Buttons, and other things, for use and grace,
 And if your Taylors Counsel here you have,
 I'm sure by that, you'l neither gain nor save,
 If all at large be not Cut off, he'l fret,
 For then poor Man he doth less Cabbage get;
 If without Cash, unto these Men you go,
 And they your Credit, very well do know,
 They'l show respect, and tell you in a word
 That as Cheap Penny-worths, they will afford,
 As if you ready Money had, but when
 Your Name is plac'd down in their Book, O then,
 The fair tongu'd tradesman proves so wondrous quick;
 That you pay Ten per Centum for your Tick,
 So if in three years time your score is pay'd,
 He's a sufficient Gainer by his Trade.

94. *On Taylors.*

IF you to take up goods your Taylor trust,
 Then near the half of every thing he must
 Take for himself, as he doth take for you,
 Thus to augment your Score, he helps to screw,
 And if the Devil, do at his Elbow sit,
 Yet he'l not fail to Cheat and steal a bit,
 So when the Taylor doth bring home your Clothes,
 If you ne'er pay his Bill he cannot lose.

95. *On Milliners.*

THE Milliner for ready Money's kind, [find
 For Stockins, Ribbons, Gloves, Hoods, scarfes, you'l
 He'l use you well, and tho he do pretend,
 He'd be as Kind because you are his Friend,
 Tho you don't pay, but upon Credit take,
 But then be sure another price he'd make,
 So trust him not, for Money always hath
 More kindness found, then where there's greatest Faith.

96. *On Barbers.*

YOUR Cringing Barber, will Powder and Comb
 Your new Bob Wigg, and to you bring it home,
 Then puts it on your Head, and Curles does set,
 It suits you well saith he, does finely fit,
 'Tis Cheap Sir, of a Guinea, as e'er I made,
 Since I first Learnt, and understood the Trade,

And

And yet for Fifteen shillings paid in hand,
 In ready cash this Wigg you may command,
 Then Sir your fine long Wigg must surely be
 Set down i'th' Barbers Book at Guinnies three,
 When you for fifty Shillings payd on sight,
 The self same Wigg, or else a Better might
 Have put into your hands, finely set out,
 With many thanks, and Congie too to boot,

97. *On Chyrurgions.*

THE Chyrurgion where he does Money find,
 He often Visits, and proves very kind,
 Your wounds with such great safety he will dress,
 That he all Feavourish Symptoms will Repress,
 And if your Wounds do chance to be inflam'd,
 Or with some obtuse Weapon you are Maim'd,
 And bruised sore he then will breath a Vein,
 Remove black Yellow spots, and ease your pain,
 But then for Money sometimes he'l Retard
 Keep back the Cure, that you will think its marr'd,
 Then he will Laugh, and tell you that he could
 Have Cur'd you sooner, if so be he would,
 But then he tells you, he must search the Wound
 To th' very Bottom, if you would be sound,
 And firm indeed, and have no after sore,
 And so become, worse then you were before;
 These Men for Money too, can also Cure
 The Flux, Pox, Asthmaes, and the Calenture,
 Coughs

Coughs, Rheumatifms, Costiveness, and pains
 In the small guts, or giddiness i'th Brains,
 They many Cures can do for Moneys sake,
 Which if't were wanting, they'd not undertake;
 For when the Poor under their hands do lye,
 Friend we can Cure you, presently they'l cry,
 But you must look about, and Money bring,
 To pay for and discharge this and that thing,
 So as the Poor Man doth for them provide,
 Good or bad News to him, it doth Betide,
 For to say Truth, oft times for want of Cost,
 Many poor Man's undone and meerly lost,
 For where there Money lacks, it's very sure,
 There will be no Attendance, care nor Cure.

98. *On Druggists.*

DRuggists sound druggs nor Medicines will send,
 But where their money's sure, tho you're their friend
 For Ingenuity and Friendship too,
 Altho for what is good, they Court and woo,
 If Moneyless, they go with empty pots,
 When other thick Scull'd Idie silly sots
 With Money can prevail, in a great huff,
 To have the best, whilest others take the stuff
 That's all decay'd, worm-eaten, old and Rotten,
 For without Money, Friendship is forgotten,
 And you must wait their time, attend their call,
 Perhaps get some, perhaps get none at all,

If you get any, 'tis then with a flout,
 And such old Stuff, you'd better be without
 Then have it in your Shop, all will deny it,
 And all your Customers you will lose by it:
 So it is plain, there's none can drive a Trade,
 Without good store of Money can be made,
 Money does all things Master, all adore her,
 Nought can withstand, she drives on all before her.

99. *On Shoemakers.*

WHere the Shoemaker knows there's ready pay,
 He'l make choice ware for such, observe their day,
 And for his stuff, together with his pains,
 For ready Cash, he's pleas'd with Mod'rate gains:
 But where he knows, your pay's of longer date,
 Then patiently you must his Leisure wait.
 Then Rotten Neat, or Calf and Neat together,
 With inner Soles put in, of base Horse Leather,
 And such deceitful stuff, to you he'l Bring,
 Yet have the Face to Brasen out the Thing,
 The ware is firm and good upon his word,
 Tells you, none such to others he'd afford,
 All which is true, for they must better have,
 You grope not out, the meaning of the Knave,
 And then a price he sets (for 'tis his Trade)
 Higher then on the choifest ware is made,
 Thus they that Money lack, have th'hardest fate,
 They're Cheated First, then pay Excessive Rate.

100. *On Watchmakers.*

Your watchmakers, a neat good peece will fix
 For four Pounds in hand, on Credit Six,
 A Clock, and Weather-glass, you too may have,
 Which if you buy with ready pay you save,
 In each six Pounds a Guinnie, if not more,
 Such are the Fruits of Ticking on the Score,
 When Tradesmen sell on Credit they take Care,
 T' have Double Usury paid 'em, for their ware.

101. *On Upholsters.*

If the Upholster to your House do come,
 To set some Beds up, or to Hang a Room,
 If you pay down, the price you make him set,
 And bring him down as low, as you can get;
 But if you Tick, that is a Curst disease,
 For them he sets whatever rate he please.

102. *On Jack of all-Trades.*

Cancs, Pistols, Knives, Guns, or what other Knack,
 Or thing, in Jack of all-Trades shop you lack,
 If you are his Acquaintance he will say,
 Your Trust to him's as good as ready pay,
 But this is sham, for where you go o'th' score,
 You'll find you pay him a Third penny more,
 Shew ready Coin, and then you bring him down
 By Wrangling, from a Noble to a Crown.

103. *On Sword-Cutlers.*

THE chattering Sword-Cutler, will pretend,
 He's such Respect, and is so much your Friend,
 That you shall have the best, and choicest ware,
 Pay or pay not, all's one he does not care,
 But for all this, all Men may Understand,
 That there no Friendship is, like pay in hand.

104. *On Sadlers.*

THE Sadler a fine Sadle, with good Bolsters,
 Imbroider'd-house, good Stirrups, and fine Holsters
 Brings to your Lodgings, tells you that 'tis Rich
 Has cost him many hour, and carefull Stich,
 I've layd out all my Moneys, dare you trust,
 Say you, Yes Sir sayes he, I wish you durst,
 Take so much Ware, as I dare Credit you,
 You should have all I have, both Old and New,
 Well what's the price say you, that I must give,
 Sir just five Pounds, whether you take or leave,
 O what this want of Money is with Men,
 Money in hand, would fetch't, at Three pound-ten.

105. *On Coach Makers.*

A Painted Coach and harness fine and gay,
 For Thirty Pounds you'l get, in ready pay;
 But if they are brought in upon the score,
 The price will then be Forty Pound or more:

O Money fie, great are the Cheats thou plays,
 To Compass thee, Men care not by what ways
 They do proceed, and Value not a pinn
 For Right or wrong, if Money comes but in,

106. *On Brasiers, and Pewtherers.*

THE Brasier and Pewtherer seldome give
 Credit, but with Respect they'l you receive
 Into their shops, will show what Wares you will,
 London Pewther or double Metal sell,
 At as low Rates, as possibly they can,
 For Money must be had, she makes a Man;
 Where Money's wanting each one will dispise
 Tho you Ingenious be, and ne'er so wise.

107. *On Cabbinet makers.*

THE Cabbinet Maker has Cabinets,
 Tables and Drawers, Standards, Glasses, sets
 Of dressing Boxes, Brushes, and Jappan
 Work of all Sorts; in every thing he can
 Serve you as well, as any Man in Town,
 At easie Rates, if Money you pay down,
 But when that wanting is, the Man looks shy,
 And matters not tho you thou'd nothing buy,
 Money is fixed in his Thoughts and heart,
 And without her, he cannot freely part,
 And leave his Goods, for if he's forc'd to Trust,
 O then great and Excessive gains he must

Receive at length or else he will take home
His goods, Until a better Chapman come.

108. *On Gold-Smiths.*

THe Gold-Smyth when he shews, and sells his plate,
Cannot with ease Impose, or put a Cheat
On you, for that is to be understood,
Where it's Try'd by the Standard, and found good,
But when you come amongst his Rings to Gaze,
Diamonds, and Rubies, Emeralds, and Topaze,
Carbuncles, Hyacinths, and many more,
Which he will shew amongst his Glistring store,
Pearls Necklaces, Pendants, and Jewels too,
All which do make a great and glorious shew,
To value those the Buyer wanteth skill,
So th' Gold-Smith sets the price down as he will;
If Money in his heart bear Rule; then he
Will prize them at a very high degree,
Or if he's pleas'd to take a Moderate gain,
As he will tell you, yet it's very plain,
Let th' price which you do pay be what it will,
If afterwards you're forcest to pawn or sell,
They'l say they've gotten Water are all Soil'd,
So that the Sparkling Lusture of 'em's Spoil'd,
When as in Truth, they're not a penny worse,
Then when you bought them first, but O the Curse
Of Money, whose Delusions have the power
To make her Lovers right or wrong pursue her

The things for which you Twenty Pounds have given
 Perhaps they'l have the Face to bid you Seaven,
 Their Conscience says, where Money does come in,
 To Swear, dissemble, Lye, and Cheat's no Sin.

109. *On Grocers.*

THE Grocer, tho. he do not raise his price,
 Yet he'l put off his faulty Rotten Spice
 Where you do Tick; If ready Money comes,
 Then you have Raisins, Plump and round as plumbes,
 And if you take a parcel, he'l afford,
 The Choycest Spice he hath, upon his word,
 And he will pick and cull them out so clean,
 That not a Stone, or stalk, 'mongst them is seen,
 But if you Tick, you must take what they'l give,
 And have your Choyce, either to take or leave,
 For you can not Expect, you may Command
 Such ware, as those with Money in their hand.

110. *On the Tobacconist.*

WHERE the Tobacconist good pay doth get,
 The choycest Boxes up for those he'l set,
 But if you're slow in payment; do not hit
 His time, then any nasty trash is fit
 For you, cut stalks mixt with decayed Stuff,
 That's fit for nought, but grinding into snuff,
 If you complain and give't a bad Report,
 He sends you word, 'tis very good o'th' Sort,

And

And th' best he had made ready up for sale,
 But come and clear of scores, then he'l not fail
 To pick and Choose you out so good a sort,
 That when you come to Try't, you'l thank him for't,
 Thus Money, Money, Runneth in his mind
 Which you must pay if you'l true friendship find.

III. *On Joyners and Carpenters.*

JOyners and Carpenters a prey will make
 Of you when they a peece of work do take,
 If you in Timber-Measure have no skill,
 Then they strange storyes unto you will tell,
 Make you believe more Timber they must have
 By far than such a peece of work doth crave,
 If they perceive you've Knowledge in the thing,
 Then their Contriv'd design about to bring,
 They tell you Nails and pins are in their task,
 So they can not abate of what they ask,
 If you're not willing such a Summe to pay,
 They tell you then, they'l work with you by day
 If you agree but either way, O then,
 They think themselves for that time, happy Men,
 For many Idle day-workes then you'l have,
 Whether by day or Task, you'l nothing save,
 For they're Resolv'd good wages to bring in,
 And tho unjustly got they think't no Sin,
 Money's the Siren, Charmes their Eares and hearts,
 Her to Acquire, they'l practice all their Arts.

112. *On Butchers.*

Butchers oft times their Flesh puff up and Blow,
 That it may plumper and more viewly show,
 By means whereof the Buyers they do Cheat,
 And with their stinking Breath, do spoile the Meat,
 Then when they've Lamb, or Veal, that's lean and silly,
 Th' Kidneyes they'l stuff, and skewer up, then tell ye,
 The Meat is fresh, and good, plump, fat, and fair,
 But when you try't, you'l find it putrid ware,
 They Meazell'd pork, and flesh dead by Mischance,
 Or of some bad disease, will dare t'advance,
 And lay upon there stalls, and sell't for good,
 When they know well it is unwholsom Food,
 And they should ^{be} punisht ^{for} be, for selling such,
 But if they Money get, they care not much
 Though they that use't, into diseases fall,
 They do not care, Money's their all in all.
 And if you to their shop do send for Meat,
 To have it fresh, you'l find they'l put a Cheat
 On you, altho they'l promise fair and say,
 You shall no more then other Buyers pay,
 Yet three-pence, or a Groat a Joynt they'l have
 More then the Market price, which you might save,
 If you to th' Market sent, and wrangled there,
 But you perhaps a Servant cannot spare;
 Thus every Trade for greediness of gain,
 Will Cheat and Lie, 'tis Evident and plain.

113. *On Sempstresses and Habberdashers.*

THE Sempstres, and the Habberdasher prate,
 Make you believe, they sell at th' lowest Rate,
 And say they do not set a doit down more
 Then if you paid in hand, run not o'th' score,
 For Beavers, Casters, Felts, Necks and Crevats,
 Handkerchers, Ruffles, Caps, but these are Chats
 And all meer Banter, Tradesmen cannot live,
 Without Exacting, where they Credit give.

114. *On Scotch-Pedlars.*

THese Circumvoraneans, Scotch-cloth cry
 Or Hollands, Muzlins, Cambricks, will ye buy,
 Callicoes, Lawns, or any other ware,
 If you'l buy nought then will you sell some Hair,
 Thus at the doors and Windows they do call,
 Several denials quiets not their Baul,
 Into your house with Confidence they'l go,
 Name all their Wares, and scarcely be said no,
 From house to house, from Town to Town, they Run,
 They'l spare no pains if Money can be won,
 Either by Chaffer, or else otherwise,
 So fair and tempting Money's in their eyes,
 They'l seek and have her, if she may be found,
 Traverse the Country, and whole Counties round
 Country and Counties, did I say? We find,
 To range whole Kingdoms, will not please their mind,
 What

What Master Cleaveland, heretofore descry'd
 May to these Pedlars fitly be apply'd,
 Had Cain been Scot, God wou'd a chang'd his do.
 Not made him Travel, but Confin'd him home.

115. *On Book-Sellers.*

THE Book-Seller, for ready Cash, will sell
 For as small profit, as another will,
 But then you must take special Care and look,
 You no new Title, have to an Old Book,
 For they new Title-pages often paist,
 Unto a Book, which purposely is plac'd,
 Setting it forth to be th' Second Edition,
 The third, or Fourth, with' mendments and Addition,
 But when you come, for to peruse and look,
 You will not find one word in all the Book,
 Put either in or out, or yet Amended,
 For that's a thing which never was intended
 By th' Authour, but when e'er a Book doth fail
 This is their Trick, to quicken up the Sale,
 But when a new Edition comes indeed,
 From all the Old Books, which they have, with speed
 The Title-Pages then, they often tear,
 And new ones in their places fixed are
 And have the Confidence to put to sale,
 Such Books for new, they know are old and stale,
 And so the Buyer, if he don't descry,
 Will have a Cheat put on him purposely,

And

And when an Authours Books do bravely sell,
As those of th' whole duty of Man, do well,
And others, then to gain a Book a Fame
They'l set it forth, under such Authours Name,
Prefixing an Epistle to such Tract,
Declaring to the Reader matter of Fact,
How and by whom, the same was brought to light,
And who hath had the view thereof and Sight,
How worthy the same Book is of the press
And reasons why, it's publisht in such dress,
With bantering stuff, to make the Coppy sell,
Which pollicies they think, do wondrous well,
But those grand Book-Sellers, are much to Blame,
When a good Authour's dead, t'abuse his Name;
Such Tricks they play, and Act without Controll
For Moneys sake, there's some would pawn their Soul,
If you, Vendible Books cull out, by such,
You may suppose, you cannot then lose much,
But you're deceiv'd, for if you come to try
And put them off, you'l find them very shie,
And Nice, they'l say though at first coming forth,
These Books sold well, yet now they're little worth,
So Money to disburse, they have no Mind,
'Cause when to get it in they do not find,
But after much ado, you may contrive,
For Twenty pounds laid out to get in five,
And this they'l tell you meerly is to show
What favour and Respect they have for you;

If you'll Exchange for other Books say they,
 We can afford you then, some better pay :
 Ten Pounds in Truck, they will pretend is given,
 When as the Books you get are scarce worth Seven,
 If to be Bookly given then be your fate,
 You'd need to have a plentiful Estate,
 For when the Itch of buying Books grows strong,
 Then you a prey to th' Book-Seller ere long
 Become, he'l send you Books, and trust so much,
 Until he find you fail for to keep touch,
 Then for his Money he will call amain,
 And if you pay but half, he gets good gain :
 His Books are so high pricest : but all or none,
 That is the only string, he plays upon,
 He'l take no Books again, in part, O Curse,
 He must have ready Money in his Purse,
 And thus by him you're alwayes kept in Awe,
 By constant dunning, and threats of the Law,
 When an Authour doth, to the Book-Seller bring
 A Copy for the Press, altho the thing,
 He knows will sell, yet he'l pretend and say,
 Paper is dear and Trading doth decay,
 Money is scarce, and Lycencing is dear,
 So if he buy the Copy, he's in fear
 To lose by th' Bargain, yet at length he'l come
 And condescend to give you some small summe,
 In part of which, a Parcel you must have
 Of Books, at his own price, and thus you slave
 Yourself,

Yourself, beating your Brains, and taking pains,
 And this same greedy Leech sucks up the gains,
 He's so in love with Money, that he'd starve
 Authour, and Printer too, if he can serve
 But his own ends, and all the profit get,
 He does not care how meanly they do sit.

116. *On Printers.*

THE Printer will for Money hazard fate,
 Print Scurrilous Pamphlets against the state:
 Or any dangerous Unlycenc'd thing,
 Which may, Life and Estate, in danger bring:
 Such is the power of Money every where,
 That Men regardless are of shame and fear,
 Nothing's too dear for Her to set at stake
 That all this hurry in the World do's make.

117. *On Higglers.*

Higglers with poultry, Eggs, and other Trade
 Do nod, and Ride all Night, are not affraid
 Of weather, or bad way, or any harm,
 Money against all Fear's a powerful Charm,
 The love of her runs in their Minds and heads,
 She breaks their sleep, they rest not in their Beds,
 But day and Night do Travel here and there,
 Sometimes to sell, sometimes to get more Ware,
 And thus continually they Ride and Rove
 Money t'increase, the only Miss they Love,

She pays their Rent, supplies their needs they see
And in their greatest Troubles, sets them free.

118. *On petty Chapmen.*

THE petty Chapmen, with Tobacco, Spice,
Sope starch, and walnuts, Indico, Blue, Rice,
Pepper and Ginger, Sugar White and Brown,
Brade, Thread, and Pins, they go from Town to Town,
Tape, Filletting, with many other Thing,
Which People want, from house to house they bring:
To Faires and Markets too, likewise they Rove,
Money to get, their stocks for to Improve,
Money's the Mifs, for whom they so much Itch,
Some her Obtaine, and by the Trade grow Rich.

119. *On Travelling petty Book-Sellers.*

THE petty Bibliopoll hath Hystories,
And some small Books of severall Mistories,
Primers, Pfalters, Bibles on his stall,
Logistorics and Books protreptical,
Such as he thinks are for the Peoples use
And his small Library doth then produce,
He them in Order viewly sets to th' Eye,
Hopeing they'l tempt some lookers-on to buy,
He Money wants nought has such charms as she,
For her he'l part with his whole Library.

120. *On Linnen-Weavers.*

THe Linnen-weaver, house-wives yarn doth take,
 And they conclude how many yards t' will make,
 Then she conceives there's warp enough, and Woof,
 But she's deceiv'd when as it comes to th' proof,
 The Cheating Knave, some of her Clews does throw
 Into his Hell-hole, then he lets her know,
 That he, her Web cannot get out o'th' Loom,
 For lack of yarn, so she must send or come
 With some herself, this News makes her admire,
 That he should send, more Yarn for to require
 He sayes the Yarn does tender prove and nought,
 Else there had been no need, more to have brought,
 When as indeed the good Wife he doth Cheat,
 Money to get, by this his Roguish Feat,
 Money's the Saga which doth him Enchant,
 He'l rather part with's honesty, then want
 Her Company, who gets what he doth lack,
 For hungry belly, and for Naked back.

121. *On Hard-Ware-Men.*

THE Hard-ware-Man at Markets seldome fails,
 With knives, and Siffers, hammers, Locks, and nails
 And Smoothing-Boxes, Buckles, Steels and Awls,
 And Jersey-Combes are laid upon their stalls,
 With many other things that People use,
 Which he lyes all in sight, for Men to chuse

Such

Such things as they do lack, and give him pay,
 Money's the Mifs, for whom the Man doth stay
 And with great patiëncè waites until she come,
 Then he with Joy does take his Journey home,
 And when this Lady he doth thither bring
 He and his Family Choreuma's sing.

122. *On Tanners.*

Tanners unkindly heats do often use,
 Unto their Leather, and thereby abuse
 Those that do wear the same, for it proves nought;
 When after into Boots and Shooes it's wrought,
 Then the Shoemaker's Rogued for the same,
 When as in truth the Tanners are to blame,
 Who too hot woozes use, or over Lime
 Leather, and will not give it, its due time,
 Then other whiles for utter Soles they Raise
 Such poor thin Hides, by their unlawful ways,
 Which they know well, for such use are not fit:
 These crafts they use, more Money for to get
 Than Lawful wayes can compass them, or bring
 And thus we see Money's the only thing,
 At which all Trades and Mysteries do look,
 And are resolv'd to have't, by hook or Crook;

123. *On Woollen-Weavers.*

THe Woollen-weaver, sleight and thin will weave,
 That he some of the Clews of Yarn may save,
 And

And keep himself, which th' Owners to him brought,
 To have their Cloth made strong, and firmly wrought,
 But whether th' owners, keep it for their use,
 Or shall Expose'tt to sale, they'l find th' abuse,
 For when't comes to be worn, t'will shrink full sore,
 And every day, t'will Run up more and more,
 And in great Lumps wear out great shame to see,
 And all this through the Weavers Knavery,
 Who not content with's honest wage doth Cheat
 For their was Yarne to make the Cloth compleat;
 But then the Knave less Money would obtain,
 If he gets nought but by his Lawfull gain;
 So He's resolv'd he Money will ensure,
 He cares not by what ways he her procure,
 Money's the Sovereigne Empress of his heart;
 For her with honesty and Truth he'l part.

124. *On Hawking Pedlars.* 121

Some Hawking Pedlars carry on their Backs;
 Others with loaden Horses, and great packs;
 Of hollands, cambricks, Lawns Scotch-cloth, and hoods,
 Callico, Muzlins, Lace, and such like goods;
 Gloves, skarfes, gowns, Silkes, and Mantos ready made;
 Ribbons, and Necklaces, with such like Trade;
 With which they Hawk, i'th' Country, here and there
 At Faires and Markets too, to sell their ware,
 Money's the only Lady they pursue,
 If her they can but Catch, they never rue;

Nor of their pains and Labour do Repent,
Money does salve up all with great Content.

125. *On Glovers.*

GLovers with Leather, and Gloves ready made,
Markets attend to drive their petty Trade,
In heat and Cold, they keep their constant Stand,
When Money comes to take her by the hand,
She's the Amicula of their Affection,
Cheers up their Spirits, and yeilds them Refection.

126. *On Common Brewers.*

THe Common-Brewer where he gets good pay,
Best Liquors unto such he sends away,
But those that drive him long, and take no care
To pay, he any Swillings sends in there.

127. *On the Ale-house Keeper.*

TThe Ale-house Keeper, if you'l freely pay,
And nobly call, he'l sit by you all day,
All other Company he will Neglect,
And you're the only Man shall have respect,
'Tis on the Noble Minded Man he Tends,
That cares not what comes in nor what he spends,
Such Company's the Solace of his heart,
He's then your Humble Servant, will not part,
Money's so Charming that She makes him shun
All other Guests, and after you to Run,

There's

There's nothing that his house Sir, can afford,
 But you may it Command, just at a word,
 My Land-Lord at none else but you will look,
 You hold him fast Sir, with your Silver Hook,
 But if you far a Single pot but call,
 He for such Company cares not at all,
 So any Man without Offence may say,
 That Plurimi passim fit *Pecunia*.

128. *On the Influence of Money upon
 Severall Sorts of Traders.*

CHeese and Fishmongers, and likewise Furryers;
 Pawn takers, Leather Dressers, and Curryers,
 Iron and Wood-mongers, Salters, Salesmen,
 Cole Merchants, Scriveners, Fletchers, Ratailmen,
 Bottle-makers, Horners, and Trunck-makers,
 Cole-meters, Bowyers, white and Brown-bread-bakers,
 Tallow and Wax-Chändlers, Cutlers and Saylor's,
 Cooks, Watermen, Skynners, and Merchant Taylors;
 Girdlers, Leather Sellers, Painters, Poulter's,
 Founders, Embroyderers, Marblers, and Cooper's;
 Armourers, Cane-Sellers, Spectacle Grinders;
 Felt makers and Silk Throwers, and Refiners,
 Oyl Men, perfumers, Glas Men, and white Tawers;
 Confectioners, with Staplers, and Cloth drawer's,
 Makers of Glas, Tobacco Pipes, and Combes,
 Whips, Instruments of Musick, and of Tombes

White-smiths, and meal-men, and Block makers, Brokers
 Strong-Water-stillers, Coffee Men, and Smokers,
 Stone-Cutters, Lusterers, and Lynnen-Drapers,
 With Callender Men, and Makers of Papers,
 Wool-Packers Stationers Lorainers Clarks,
 Plasterers, Fruiterers, Black-Smyths, all sparks,
 And Fellow Tradesmen, all these men do crave,
 Money by all their Trades to get and save,
 Familyes cannot be kept, nor Rents well payd;
 Unless good store of Money's got, by Trade,
 'Tis she brings Comfort to the Tradesmans Mind,
 For then he cares not which way blows the Wind.
 Cloth workers, Carders, Spinners, Bleachers pressers,
 Tuckers and Fullers, Dyers, and Cloth Dressers,
 With Tummers, and Winders, Shearmen and Teasers,
 Weighers, and Mixers, Seperaters, Greasers,
 Markers of Rugs, of Coverlets, and Ticking,
 Manchester Tape, and what the Men are quick in,
 Last makers, Mill-wrights, Cappers, greasy Knitters,
 Shinglers, and Wheel-wrights, with Turners, and fitters,
 These Traders all, in the pursuit of gains,
 Early and late do work, and take great pains,
 Money procures them all things that they lack,
 And where she's wanting, all things go to wrack.

129. *On Apprentizes.*

Poor prentices, th' space of Seven year,
 Or longer time, their Masters serve with Fear,
 Have

Have many taunts, crabb'd words, and scornfull looks,
 More strictly kept, then Schollars to their Books,
 Are sometimes beat, Inhumanely Abus'd,
 T would pittty one to have their Dog so us'd,
 Some Lads on silly Errands are sent out,
 For petty things, for which some do them flout,
 Some clean the shoppes, fetch coles, & door stones sweep
 Dress Stables out, and Masters Horse do Keep.
 Maney col'd bitter stormy Winter day,
 Poor Boyes behind the Shop board Trembling stay,
 Fingers and hands, so swell'd and Numb'd with Cold,
 They scarcely any thing can take or hold;
 When hands and Feet are Cold, if they desire,
 Yet without Leave they must not come to th' fire,
 Their fingers blow, behind Backs stand and wait,
 Whilest th' Masters warm themselves, sitting in state,
 Some Boyes are almost starv'd, for want of Meat,
 Or't's Slubber'd so, when't comes, they cannot Eat;
 Drudges and perfect slaves some Lads are made,
 Before they can be Masters of their Trade,
 These hardships they endure with hopes to see
 Their Term expire, and then they will be free,
 May set up for themselves, and take their Ease,
 Having no Angry Master then to please:
 But then may Sell their Wares and Money take,
 Having endur'd great slavery for her sake:
 Then they're in hopes to get a Vertuous Wife,
 Whose Company's the Comfort of Mans Life

Who for the further Sollace of their state
 Will Money bring for her associate,
 Then all their former Slavery's quite forgot,
 When as a Treble Bliss falls to their lot,
 Freedome, a Vertuous Wife and Money store,
 What would a man in this life Covet more.

130. *On Citty Carr-Men and dray Men.*

CAr-men and dray Men, sometimes have great lifts,
 And when they drive, are put hard to their shifts,
 Oft-times in Narrow Lanes there's such a throng,
 They hazard sore their Lives to pass along,
 They pull, they list, they Curse, they Bawl and flight,
 And sometimes fall to down right Blows and fight,
 All Blood and dirt, with Hair all torn they've been
 And hardly can be parted they're so keen,
 All this they undertake, and more then this,
 For th' Love of Money, their Admired Miss,
 She charms them so, they'l any Toyle endure,
 In Leather Coats and Frocks, to make her sure,
 What pains can be too great her to acquire,
 Whom all the world doth follow and admire,
 In whose society there's such delight,
 That princes do for her fall out and Fight.

131. *On Country Collyers.*

Poor Country Collyers, Money to obtain,
 In Heat and Cold, fair weather, and in Rain,
 Through

Through thick and thin, in Mire, aswell as dust,
 Early and late their Horses follow must,
 And many weary footstep every Week,
 They're forc'd to undertake Chapmen to seek,
 Else Madam Money will not these men own,
 And then they know, no favour's to them shown,
 But if this Lady they have in their hand,
 They're sure they then may any thing command,
 Corn, Bread, or Flower, Eggs, Butter, Flesh, or Fish,
 Or what else they for Back or Belly wish,
 Money's Queen Regent of the heart, all will
 On her Attend, her pleasure to fulfill.

132. *On Pavers.*

THe paver when he works by Yard or Great,
 He'l make his Tools and hands go till he Sweat,
 As fast he'l pitch the Stones, and them will pave,
 As Servers can the same unto him heave,
 Great pains he'l take to pave much on a day,
 For then he know more Money's due for pay,
 For Greediness of Money, thus he'l Cheat,
 And take no pains firmly his work to beat,
 But cover o're with Sand to make't appear
 Firm to the Eye, when within halfe a Year,
 It all breaks up, then all the Labour's Lost,
 And th' Owner then is put to double Cost:
 For if at first the Stones he firmly set,
 Covers them well, and has them firmly beat,

Till every Chinck is close fill'd up with sand
 And no Stone higher then another stand,
 But also Firmly beat, and close and plain,
 That it will bear a Loaden Cart, or wayne,
 And never Shrink, that is firm work indeed,
 But Ah Sir then, he cannot make such speed,
 Nor gets such wage, as he desires to have,
 For store of Cash, you've leave to call him Knave,
 Money's the false Trivenesica we see,
 Enchants Men to betray their Honesty,
 Credit, good Name, and all that is most dear,
 If she upon the Stage, do but Appear.

133. *On Fisher-Men.*

Poor Fisher-men, to wait their time and Tide,
 In Sorry Cabbins near the water-side,
 On straw, or Rushes, Poorly lie and Tumble,
 And at their Fare, and Hardship never Grumble,
 But draw their Nets and Lines, in Rain and Cold,
 And are full glad when they do Fish behold,
 And those poor men that Venture out to Sea,
 When Stormes Arise, sometimes are cast away,
 And so instead in Catching Fish for gain,
 Themselves are Caught by death, Entomb'd i'th' Main.
 The hopes Men have, they Money shall command,
 Makes them Adventure both by Sea, and Land,
 Comfort she brings in time of greatest Need,
 Men in their greatest Trouble she hath freed,

What Toyl or hazzard can be thought too much,
For Money then whole Company is such.

134. *On Brickmakers.*

THe poor Brick-makers in cold Winter weather,
Their Clay turn over, and do cast together,
In Summer time from Morn till Night, all Day,
With their bare hands, they work and mould their Clay:
In Flooring, Dressing, Drying and making fit,
They take great pains, ere sh' Bricks in Kill are set,
They pile them close, and dawbe them round about,
Least when they're fire d, it any where break out,
After this Toyl, then Money comes to please,
Their *Acopum Catholicum* of Ease.

Money their Toyl requites, gets Clothes and Food,
Makes those are Sad, be in a Merry mood.

135. *On Carters, Wain-men or Waggoners.*

CArters, Wainmen, and Waggoners for hire,
In Summers heat, and Winters Cold and Mire,
Be th' weather good or bad, they keep their Stage,
Because they know, it brings in constant wage,
Much Toyl they have, and many dangers run,
Money without great pains will not be won,
For he that Moneys company doth crave,
Besides great Care he must himself enslave,
Till he prevail to have her at his will,
With her assistance then he may fulfil.

What he desires, great Hills may level plain
 Or in low Valleys raise great Hills again,
 He any thing may to his Humour bring;
 He that has Money can do every thing.

136. *On Glass Men, that Travel in the Country.*

THe Glass Man bears about upon his Back,
 Glasses and drinking Pots, both White and Black,
 He 'scapes some dangers, some he cannot pass,
 But now and then, he breaks a Pot, or Glass,
 And yet he Travels on, hoping to have
 A better Price, for those he whole doth save,
 Money he doth pursue, from Place to Place,
 All hazards he breaks through, to see her Face.
 Whatsoe'er Mischances or Misfortunes fail,
 If he get her, She makes Amends for all,
 No danger's great, no pains too much can be,
 To compals such a Ladies Company.

137. *On Bowle Sellers.*

Sellers of Bowls, Chirns, Pales, and other Ware,
 With them do ride about, from Fair to Fair,
 Chapmen to meet, that ready Money bring,
 Then they will smoak, bouz off their Potts and sing,
 When th' Market's bad, they're in a sullen frame,
 So dull that none wou'd think they are the same.
 Money's the sprightly Miss, the Dainty Dame
 That Cheareth up, both Young, Old, Blind and Lame.

138. *On Coopers in the Country.*

TH Cooper, with Hoops & Tools does march about
 To find out work walks many a weary Foot,
 When with a Jobb he meets and Money's got
 He does rejoyce at his Auspicious Lot.
 When tyr'd with Work, and travelling all day,
 Money makes him at Night sing Care away.

139. *On Travelling Potters.*

POtters to Markets with their brittle Ware,
 Posselt with Fear, do March, and full of Care,
 Least they against some Gate, or Style do run,
 Or fall and break their ware, they're half undone,
 Yet Madam Money, has them at her Call,
 Forth' Love they bear to her, they'l venture all,
 The hopes they have, of her to be posselt,
 Dispels their Fear, at home they will not rest,
 But out they'l go Money to seek and find,
 The Supream Paralesis of their Mind.

140. *On Oatmeal Sellers.*

THe Venditors of Oatmeal round and small,
 Do diligently wait on Moneyes Call,
 And when she doth appear, then at her pleasure,
 This Oatmeal is deliver'd out by measure,
 As long as any in their Skeps remain:
 For she the Sellers, can set up again.

If Money they receive they do not care,
 They for her sake will part with all their Ware,
 Money's more worth then the best Merchandize,
 She's the dear Paramour in all mens Eyes.

141. *On Sellers of Roots in Markets.*

Sellers of Roots, who Markets do attend
 Potatoes, and fine Cabbages to vend,
 Turneps and Carrots, and an hundred more,
 Of which their Gardens yeild abundant store,
 With these they wait, and with great patience stay,
 Till Money comes, and has them all away,
 'Tis she they come to meet, and those that have
 A mind to Roots must her assistance crave,
 If she comes not, they get nor great nor small,
 But if she comes, they may command them all,
 When she appears, none can her Power withstand,
 Where e'er she goes, all yeild to her demand,
 Unles't be Death, he'l not her Charmes obey,
 For when he comes, he will not be said Nay:

142. *On Sellers of Bread or Cakes in Markets.*

Those which with Bread, or Cakes in Markets sit,
 Or round the Country, bear or carry it,
 Though Bread's the Staffe of Life, yet they will part
 With it, for Moneys sake, with all their heart,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, great Graces be,
 And Charity the greatest of the three,

What Name and Place, does Money then deserve,
Saves Life, when Charity would let you starve.

143. *On Country Rope-Makers.*

THe Roper with his Ropes, of Hemp, or Hair,
Horse-panels, Wantyes, Cords and such like ware,
Sackweb, with Halters, Hair Cloth too, he shows,
Cart-Ropes, and Hopples, for Horses and Cows,
These things for Money, he doth ready make,
Has them from Place to Place, Money to take,
For he to compals Her, no Place will miss;
For She's *Solamen* in Miseries.

144. *On Fish-Drivers*

DRivers of Fish, do unto Markets bring,
Cod, Scate, and Turbut, Haddocks, Trout and Ling,
Conger, and Whittings, Killing, and Mackrel,
With Lobsters, Cockles, and fine Crabs to sell,
Salmons, and Scurfes, with Smelts, and Salmon Cocks,
Catcht in the Nets in Kiddels, or Fish Locks,
Winter and Summer, travel Night and Day,
Sometimes in good, sometimes in dirty way,
And in great Storms, they're sometimes almost lost,
Thus for a Livelyhood, poor Men are Tost,
When they to th' Market come and Fish set down,
They go their wayes, and stay some time i'th' Town
Return no more till latter end o'th' Day,
And then they know, those People will not stay

That have far Home, and so the Price they set,
 Upon their Fish, they are in hopes to get,
 Because to wrangle, Buyers cannot stand,
 Rather than stay will pay what they demand,
 Thus every Trade does exercise his wit,
 And all their Cunning Tricks Money to get
 Her to acquire a Man his Life oft ventures,
 And for her sake his Wit will set oth' Tenters:

145. *On Sievers and Basket Makers.*

Sievers and Basket makers with made Wares,
 As Baskets, Voyders, Sieves, and Wanded Chaires,
 Fine Rangers, Searcers, Tiffanyes and Boulters,
 Course and fine Scuttles, Panyers for Poulters
 And such like things, with many other more,
 Which they have alwayes ready made in store,
 From Fair to Fair they Ride, and Markets ply,
 Money to get, all Places they do try;
 Money's the Mils for whom they work and strive,
 Them and their Familyes she keeps alive.

146. *On Country Salters.*

THE Common Salters all the Summer long,
 To serve the Country with their Salt are throng,
 They Travel Day and Night, no time refrain,
 Their Horses graise in any Street, or Lane,
 Their Salt to save from Rain, with Skins they hide,
 And nod and sleep as they on Horse-back Ride,

Oft are they weary, and most sadly wet
 And yet well pleas'd if Money they can get,
 Money's so precious, Men no dangers shun,
 But will for her through Fire and Water Run,

147. *On Tinkers and Bowle-Sewers*

Tinkers and Bowl-Sewers oft Ragged are,
 So to get Money themselves to repair,
 When any Job of Work falls in their hand,
 Three times as much for it they will demand
 As they deserve to have: you must Agree
 Before the Work's begun, if you'd be free
 From noise and Clamour, else the Rogues will sweat
 And not give o're, till money does appear,
 She Charms them into silence, makes them still,
 She Clothes their Backs, and does their Bellies fill.

148. *On Thatchers.*

THe Thatcher all day on a Ladder stands,
 The Thatch layes on and fastens with his hands,
 His Work doth Cut, and Smooth, make trim and neat,
 The Eves cut straight, and Ridges makes Compleat,
 When throng he's pleas'd, for Money then is got,
 Which makes his Spit to wag, and boiles his Pot,
 She makes him work all day with great delight,
 No Care or woe does break his sleep at Night.
 Great Winds great mischief unto some do bring,
 Yet they to him are clear another thing,

He laughs when Winds are great, for he doth know
It's an ill Wind, that none doth profit blow.

149. *On Chimney--Sweepers.*

THe Chimney Sweeper thinks it no disgrace,
For Money's sake, to have his hands and face
Besmeer'd with Soot and Nasty to the sight,
And tho he's Black all o're, he cries all White,
His filthy loathsom Cloathes and noysome smell,
And Soot in's Eyes, he can endure full well,
If Money comes but in, he then is Jolly,
And round about doth Trudge with's Polls and Holly,
And into any smutty hole will creep,
And Nasty stuff upon himself will sweep,
O Money Money, for thy Charming sake
Men any drudgery will undertake,
Think no Employ disgraceful, or unfit,
So they can Money but acquire by it.

150. *On Kennel Rakers, and Ragg Gatherers.*

THe Kennel-Raker with his old scratch't Broom,
Backwards&forwards sweep where he doth come
And in those Places where he Sweeps, doth mind
If Horse-Shooe-Nails, or Iron he can find,
Or any thing, he thinks will Money make,
Which he with Joyful mind doth quickly take,
And into's old Hat Crown the same doth sling,
Which for that purpose, he about doth bring,

And

And thus from Street to Street, he trots about,
 To seek his petty Merchandizes out,
 Which to his Chapmen he does bear a way,
 Who for the same afford him ready pay,
 Then he with Joy to's Trade returns again,
 For Money's sake, no drudg'ry he'l refrain,
 Then they that seek about for Clouts and Raggs
 And in By-places rake, that they the Bags
 And Pokes, they for that purpose bring may fill,
 And get a Stock up, for the Paper-Mill,
 Where they get Money, which doth joy their heart,
 And all their pains, they take then in good part,
 For Money will get any thing they lack,
 Both for their hungry Belly, and nak'd Back,
 Men wet and dry, and heat and cold endure,
 Take any pains to make some Money sure.

151. *On the Jakes-Farmer, or Gold-finder.*

THE Stinking Gold-Finder with his white Rod,
 In Common, or in Private Jakes will prod,
 And take the Depth, and Latitude thereof,
 Endure the Leathsomness and every Scoff,
 And scornful Flout, his stinking Trade affords,
 And with his hands bare, rake in filthy —
 Abide the smell without offence to's Nose,
 With Patience look upon his — Cloaths,
 I'th' Tubs and Buckets grope with willing Mind,
 And try if he can Gold and Money find,

O who would think Lady *Pecunia* had
Such power, t'inveagle Men to be so mad,
To follow Nasty Trades and ne'er complain,
If they this dainty Miss, can but obtain,

152. *On Cow-herds.*

THE harmeless Cow-herd trots and runs about,
Both gathers in the Cows and drives them out,
For some small Salary, the Poor Man waits,
Money though little, helps him in his straits
Money where e'er she comes, doth kindness show,
Comfort affords, pays all, or part Men owe,
Prevailes with those, that fierce and Cruel are,
Where she appeares, they further time will spare.

153. *On Common Swine-herds.*

THE Common Swine-herds course, is every Morn,
To go about the Town, and wind his horn,
Then People let their Höggs go out at large,
And th' Swine-herd takes them all into his charge,
And into th' Fields he drives them day by day,
And there attends on them, the time they stay,
And when some signes of Rain or stormes appear,
Unto some ditch or Hedge, he then draws near,
And under Banks does sculke, till Night does come,
Then's Army he draws up, and Marches home,
And thus poor man, he spends his Slavish life,
Some Money to procure, for him and's Wife,

And

And Family, and tho it be but small,
 He gets, it's better far, than none at all;
 A little Money brings him some Relief,
 But none at all, affords him nought but grief:
 So when his Fair is mean, he ne'er complains,
 But shapes his Mind according to his Means,

154. *On the Common daily Cryes
 in and about London.*

WE dayly cryes about the streets may hear;
 According to the Season of the year,
 Some Wellet Oysters call, others do cry
 Fine Shelsey Cockles, or White Muscles buy,
 Great Mackrel, five a Groat some Cry about,
 Dainty fresh Salmon, does another shout,
 Buy my fine dish of dainty Eels cryes one,
 Some soles, and flounders, in another tone,
 Butter and Eggs some Cry, some Hampshire honey;
 Others do call for Brass; or broken Money,
 Have ye any old Suits, or Coats, or Hats,
 Another sayes come buy my dainty Sprats,
 Box, or Horn, Combes of Ivory, or Sissers,
 Tobacco-Boxes, Knives, Rasors, or Twissers,
 Who buyes my bak'd Oxe-Cheek, here in my pot;
 Plump, fresh and fat, well Stew'd, and piping hot;
 Dy'd Lin for Aprons, Vinegar some Cryes,
 Some hot Bak'd Wardens, others, puddin pies;

Buy a Jack-Line, or an Hair-Line cryes some,
 New Books, New Books, then doth another come,
 French Beans and Parsley, some cry, if ye mind,
 And others, have ye any Knives to Grind,
 Some Ropes of Onyons Cry, about the Town,
 Some Pepins, and Pearmaines, up Street and down,
 Hot Codlins hot, the best that ere you see,
 Who buyes these dainty hot Codlins of me,
 Turneps, and *Sandwich* Carrots, one Man calls,
 Green Hastings, in my Cart, another bawls,
 Come buy a Steel, or a Tinder-Box, cryes some,
 Old Boots or Shooes, sayes one, come buy my Broom,
 Maids ha' ye any Kitchin-Stuff, I pray,
 Buy long Thread Laces, does another say,
 New Almanacks some cry, at th' times o'th' year,
 Then others, singing Ballads, you may hear,
 Some carry Painted-Clothes, on little Poles,
 By which it's known, that such Men do catch Moles,
 Others in Clothes will Painted Rats have made,
 Which notifies, Rat Catching is their Trade,
 Have ye any work for a Cooper here,
 Old Brass to mend, then Tinckles one i'th' Rear,
 Some Nettle-Cheeses cry, and some New Milk,
 Others Sattin, and Velvet, or old Silk,
 Then Ends of Gold or Silver, cryes a Lass,
 Another Curds and Cream, as She does pass,
 With traps, for Rats and Mice, do some appear,
 Two hundred a penny, Card-matches here,

Ripe Cherries ripe, come buy my Early Cherrys,
 Who buys my Currans or large ripe Goose-berries,
 A Rubbing Brush, a Bottle Brush, or Grater,
 Fine Sparrow-grals, then cryes another Creature,
 Here's dainty Cowcubmers, who buyes to Pickle,
 Another then, with Colly-flowers does stickle,
 Ripe Rask-berries, about, does some then sing,
 Fine young Strawberries does another bring,
 Fresh Nettle-tops, or Elder-buds, come buy,
 Then Water-creffes, and Brooklime, they cry,
 Any old Iron here to sell cryes one,
 And some Maids, ha ye any Marrow Bone,
 Ripe Muske Mellons, or Apricocks, some Cry,
 Fine Civil Oranges, or Lemmons Buy,
 Old Chaires to mend, then Cryes a Ragged Fellow,
 Come buy a Door Matt, does another bellow,
 Buy a Cock or a Gelding, does one come,
 Come buy my dainty Singing Bird, sayes some,
 Some dainty fine Holly and Ivy sayes,
 Then Curious fine Rosemary and Bayes,
 Some Pens and Ink, would sell to all they meet,
 And others Small Coal Cry, about the Street,
 Pitty th' poor Prisoners, some with Baskets go,
 And others Cry, come see my rara Show,
 Anon a poor Wretch comes Crying behind,
 With Dog and Bell pray pitty the poor Blind,
 Who buyes these Figgs and Raisins new of mine
 Come buy my Bowl of Wheat, fine Oatcakes, fine,

Hot Mutton Pyes, cries one along the Streets,
 Who buyes my Mutton Pyes fresh hot and sweet,
 Buy Marking stone, one Cryes, with's smutty face,
 Another sayes, come buy my fine Bone-Lace,
 Buy a Cloth or Thrum Map, you Maids and Lasses,
 Another Cryes, who buyes my drinking Glasses,
 A Lattice for a Window, who will Buy
 Great Faggots, five for Six-pence does some cry,
 Have ye any old Glas for to renew,
 Some cry Bellows to mend, or Bowles to sew;
 Some Silk or Ferrit Ribbon, for shooe strings,
 With London pins, and Tape and other things,
 Have y'any Corns, upon your Feet, or Toes,
 Buy a Fox Tail, or Whiske, another goes,
 Some walk about, and old Silk-stockens Cry,
 Some ask if Socks, or Quilted Caps you'l buy:
 And thus they Trot about and Bawl each day,
 For th' Love they bear Lady *Pecunia*,
 For her they'l sit up late, and Early Rise,
 She does appear so Glorious in their Eyes,
 Think all pains well bestow'd, nothing too much,
 Their Zealous dotage to this Idol's such,
 Money's the only she, all Men admire,
 Both Poor and Rich, this Lady do desire,
 And those that her do want, they are forlorn,
 If she's not there, they're every Fellows Scorn,
 We may conclude, when we've said what we can,
 'Tis Money at all times, does make a Man.

155. *On Gripeing, and Oppressing Mortgagees.*

Some Mortgagee, will at Advantage lye,
 Upon the Rigour, of's Security
 He will infist, on Nicetyes will stand,
 He'l neither purchas all, nor part o'th' Land
 He has Engag'd, nor will he let you rest,
 But he with Threats, and Suits, will you molest,
 So neither sell the Land, nor Let, you can,
 To th' best Advantage, unto any Man :
 By means whereof, he knows that he must Seize,
 Further he'l not Account, then he receives,
 So he'l dispose, and let at easie Rate,
 And so will worm you out of your Estate,
 For he'l his purposes so bring about,
 You'l never live, to see the Mortgage out;
 So by this Crafty means, he'l you compel
 For present Maintenance, your Land to sell,
 Then his own Terms he'l make, for him or's Friend,
 Having now gain'd the point, he did intend :
 If he be told his doings are unjust,
 To look for's own, he sayes he will, and must,
 The Law allows all he has done, he'l say,
 But *Summum Jus est Summa Injuria* ;
 And tho at present, it troubles not his Mind,
 Yet afterwards, he'l wish he'd been more kind,
 When he on's death Bed lyes, he'l sigh and grone,
 No Mercy can Expect, that none has Shown,

His Conscience then t' accuse him, will begin,
 Tell him Oppression is a Crying Sin,
 And then he'l cry, wu'd he'd more favour shown,
 And wish that he, the Land had never known;
 The gains he's got, by the poor Debtors cross,
 He finds will now be his Eternal Loss.
 Money nor Lands, no Comfort, now do bring,
 A good Conscience, is the sole Sovereigne thing.
 He now with heavy groans, repents his Evil,
 When he's afraid, he's going to the Devil:
 Who at his Death will Mercy beg and crave,
 Must in his Life time Mercy shew, and have.

156. *On Berge Men or Loyter Men.*

BErgers and Loyter-Men do Row and Bawl,
 By Night and Day, their Boats they pull and hawl
 Many cold blast, and bitter Storm they bide,
 Be't fair or Foul, they will not lose their Tide:
 But out they'l go, no Weather them will stay,
 What is't that poor Men will not do for pay;
 Money's the Crown of all their hopes, the prize
 At which they aim, precious in all Mens Eyes,
 Th' Apotheca of all Terrestrial good,
 She brings to all both Clothes and Drink and Food.

157. *On Intelligencers or News-Mongers.*

THE News-Mongers themselves Insinuate
 Into their favour, who can tell the state

And

And Face of Things, how they are mannag'd here,
 And how transacted and design'd elsewhere ;
 To their Amanuenses they Indite,
 Who take the Heads, and several Letters write
 Of News at large, then to the Country send 'em,
 And to th' Employers there, do recommend 'em :
 Thus Post by Post, they let them understand
 Th' Intreagues a foot. aswel by Sea as Land,
 Money for this, they quarterly receive
 From their Employers, thus they bravely Live:
 Then to th' Employers Houses Men repair,
 And Money spend, to read News-Letters there ;
 Thus both News-mongers, and Employers gain
 Money on this account, or it is plain,
 No News at home, from Foreign States, or *France*,
 We shoud. receive, but rest in Ignorance,
 Money does pry into the secret Things
 Of privy Councils, and Gabals of Kings,
 She Fairy like, unseen creeps here and there,
 Discovers Plots tho whisper'd in the Ear,
 And when the Stroke is ready for to fall,
 She shews the Clan, and disappoints them all:
 Her Charms are such that none can them gainsay
 She'l make a Man, his Bosom Friend betray:

158. On Ferry Men.

THe Ferry Men that Passage Boats do keep,
 Attend all Day, i'th' Night broke of their sleep
 To

To wait on those, who that way do resort,
 Them and their goods o're Rivers to Transport:
 This Toyle and pains they take for Money's sake,
 Ne'er grudge thereat, nor no Complaints do make,
 For such like Men do think, that Money is
 Th' Royal diploma, of all Earthly Blifs.

159. *On Water-Men, or Wherry-Men.*

THE Wherry-Men do wait at River's staires,
 And lanes near Water sides, expecting fairs,
 When any come they think do want a Boat,
 They run, hold out their hand, set up their Note,
 Sculler and Oares they Cry, and stop your way,
 Till th' Signe you give, they will not be said Nay,
 And when a Jolly Company they get,
 They'l cast their Coats, and Rowe until they sweat
 And day by day, this Course they do attend,
 For Madam Money's sake, their Chiefest Friend,
 'Tis she on whom they solely do Rely
 Them in their great distresses to Supply:
 When her they have, of nought they stand in fear,
 For nothing they can want, when Moncy's there,
 Money's the Idol, that each Man Adores,
 And her Assistance all the World Implores.

160. *On Common Strumpets.*

THE Lewd debauched Mercenary Miss
 For Moncy's sake, will any Fellow Kiss,

For she in that by far takes more delight
 Than in the Lustful Carnal Appetite,
 'Tis Money not the Man she doth adore,
 Money's the Cause she turns a Common whore
 And prostitutes herself at any time,
 Brute-like, and has no sence of any crime.

161. *The Conclusion.*

NOW Muse farewell, for both to Age and Youth,
 Thou hast discover'd here, many a Truth,
 Andtho in generall Termes, thou hast set forth
 The same, yet there are some of greater worth,
 And Vertue, that above Temptation are,
 Whom neither Gold nor Money can Ensnare,
 A dirty, or unfaithful thing to Act,
 Or their Allegiance suffer to be Craft,
 And so no General Rule there is, but hath
 An Exception, as the Old Proverb saith.
 But thou hast fairly thrown each one their Lot,
 Some thou perhaps has pleased, and some not,
 For some will Laugh, some fret, and some deride,
 At that which here, to them thou hast discry'd,
 But in this Case, thou safely mayst Conclude,
 That none e'er yet could please the Multitude,

162. *The Epilogue.*

AS I begun, so I'll Conclude, and say,
 That *Pecunie Obediunt Omnia.*

F I N I S.

M^r Richard Hustler His Book
February 14 ~ 1700 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Richard Hustler

His Book

1698

Richard Hustler

Richard Hustler

Richard Hustler

1698

1698

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FINIS.

